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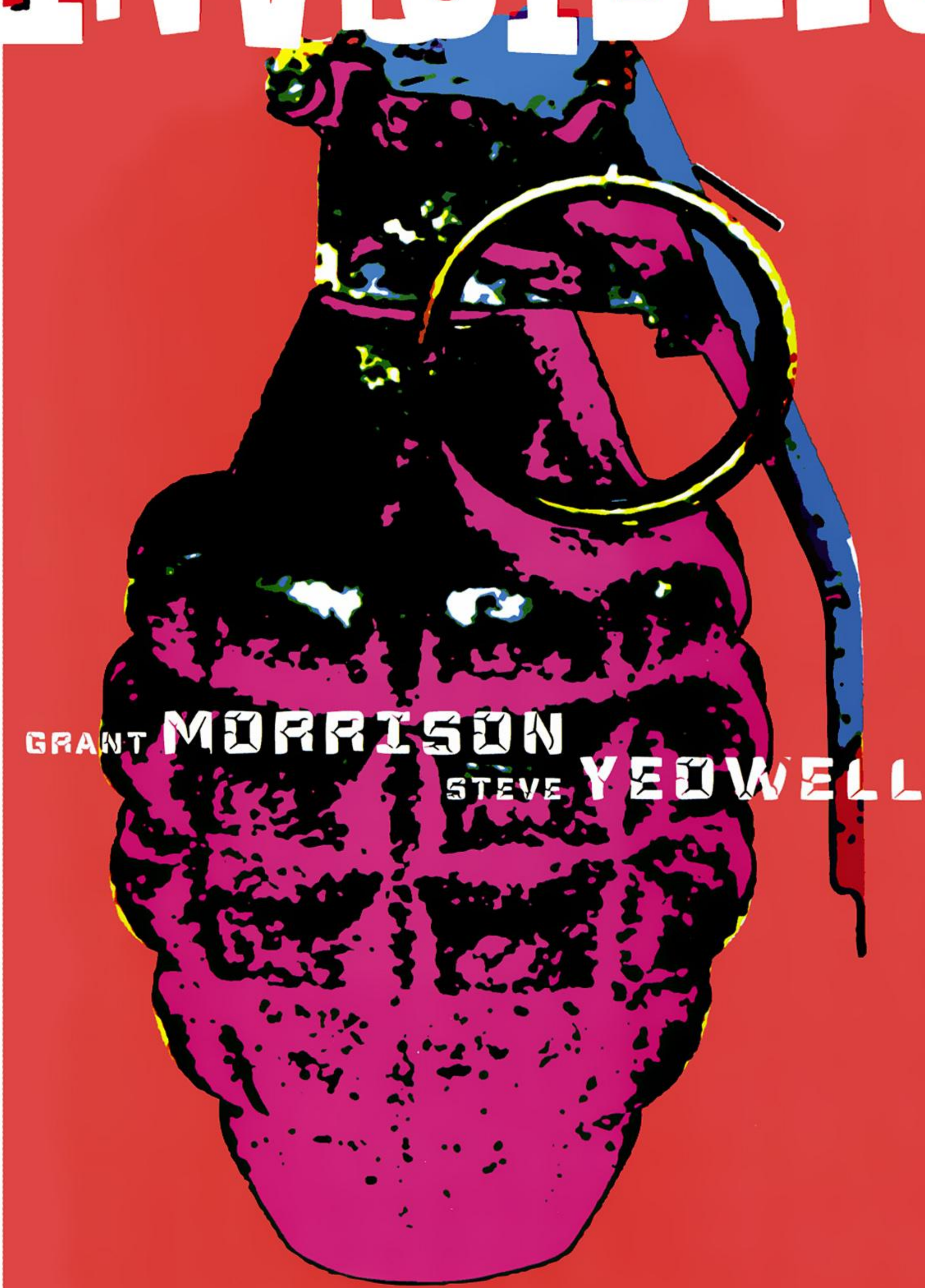
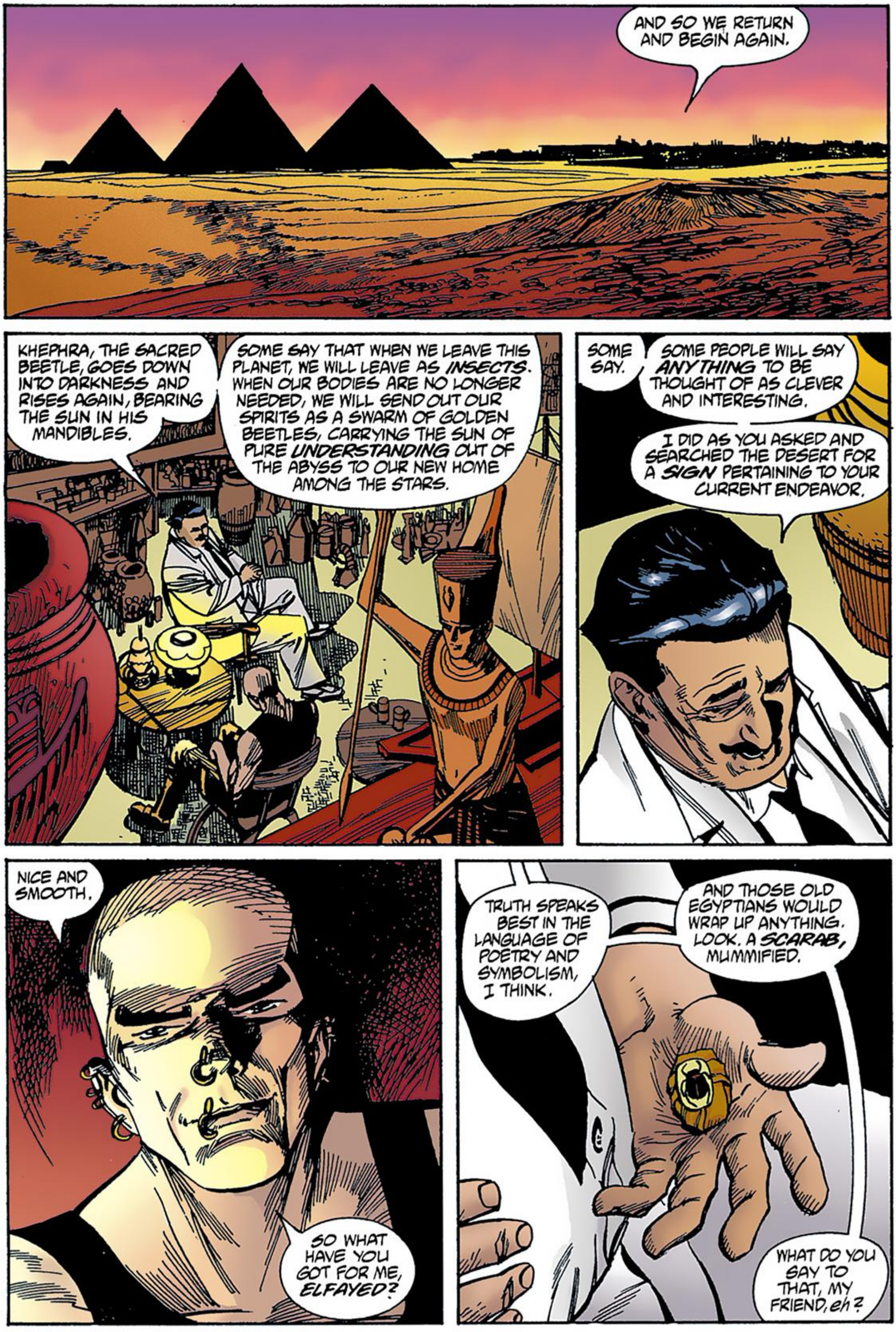
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

THE INVISIBLES



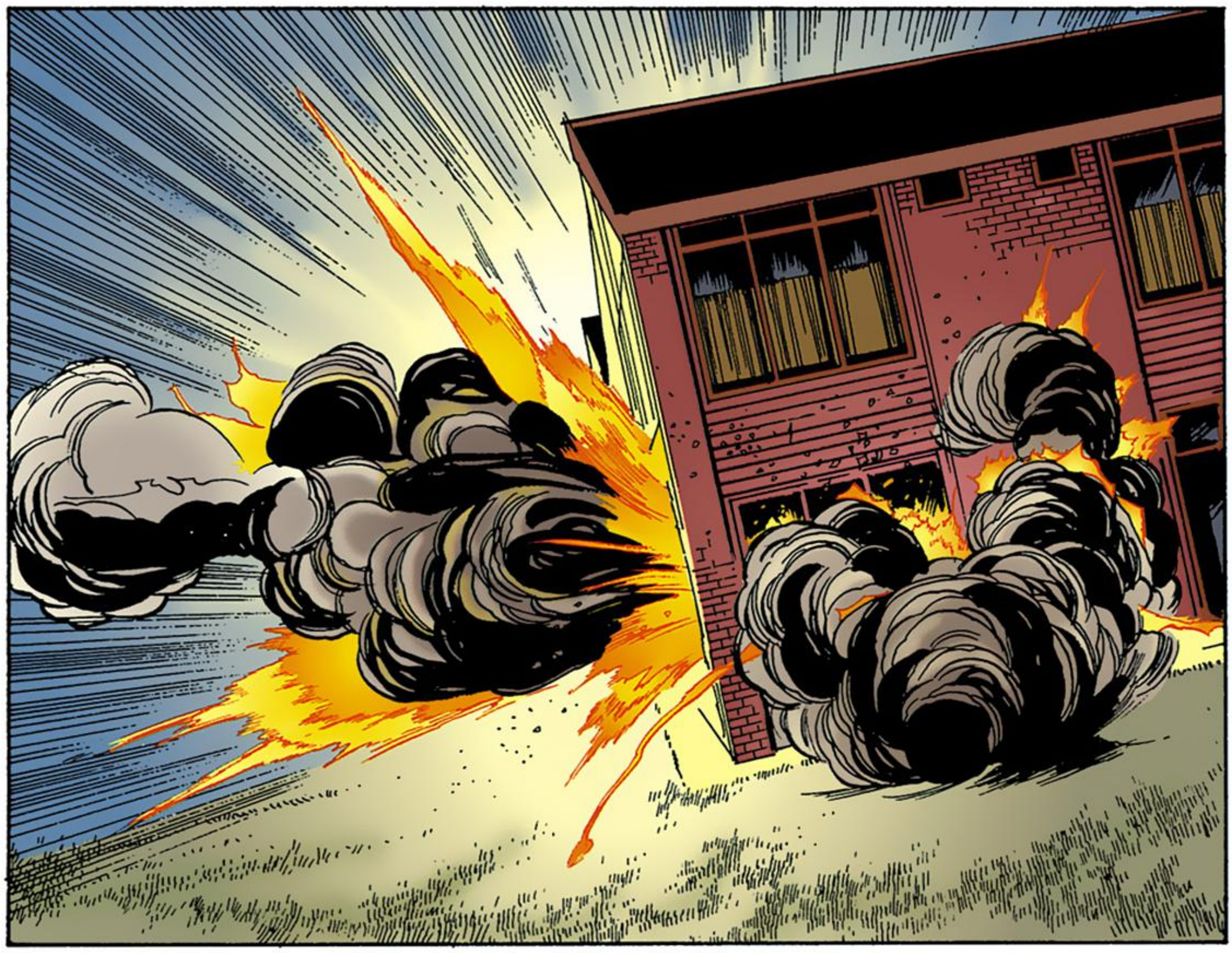
GRANT MORRISON

STEVE YEOWELL



CONVERSION BY WILDSTORM

FUUUUUUUCK!
DEAD BEATLES
GRANT MORRISON • WRITER
STEVE YEOWELL • ARTIST
DANIEL VOZZO • COLORS
ELECTRIC CRAYON • COLOR SEPARATIONS
CLEM ROBINS • LETTERS
JULIE ROTTENBERG • ASST. EDITOR
STUART MOORE • EDITOR
THE INVISIBLES
CREATED BY GRANT MORRISON



NICE ONE.
RIGHT IN THE FUCKING WINDOW.
Carlsberg

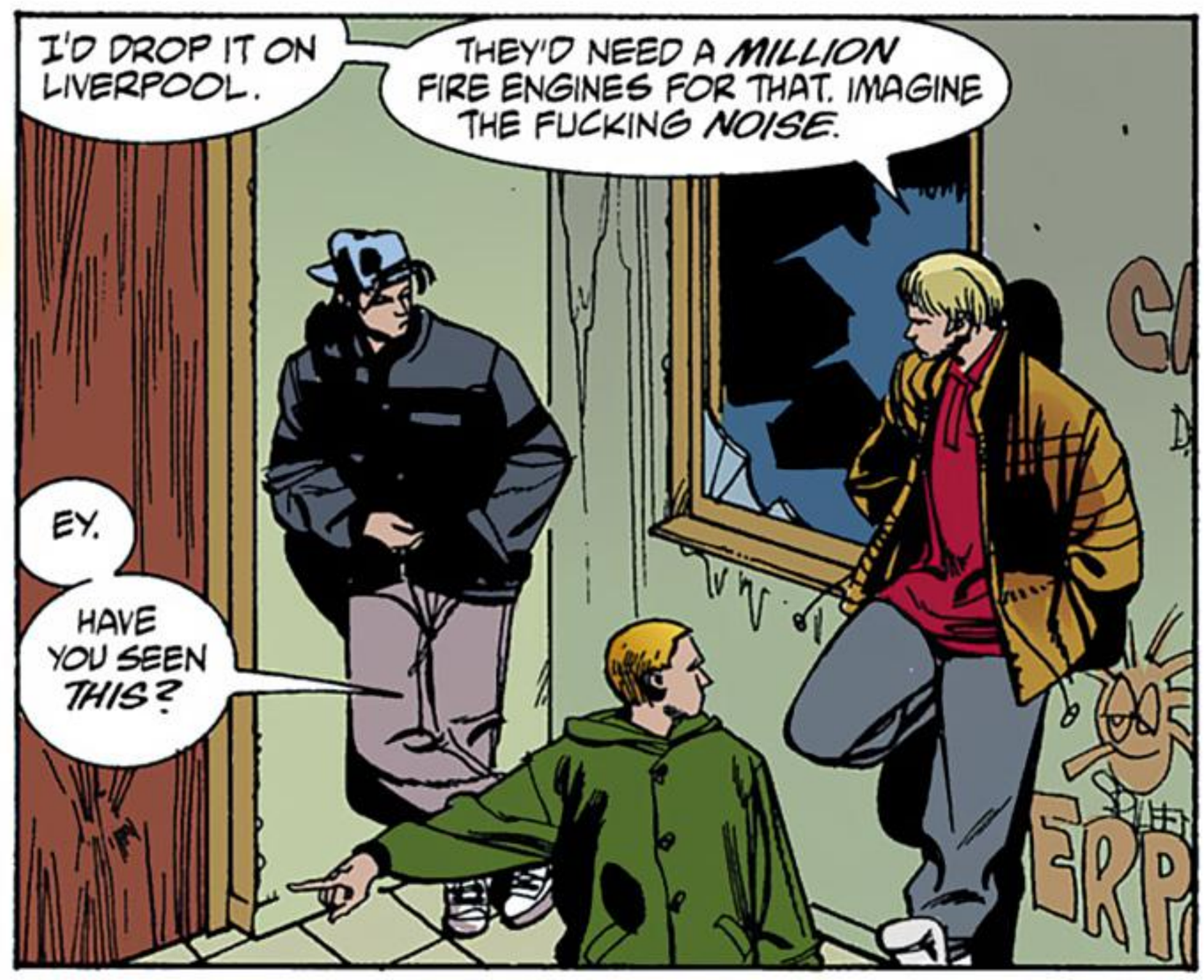
LOOK AT IT GO.
IT'S BEAUTIFUL, MAN.
NOW LET'S MOVE IT BEFORE THE BIZZIES GET HERE.

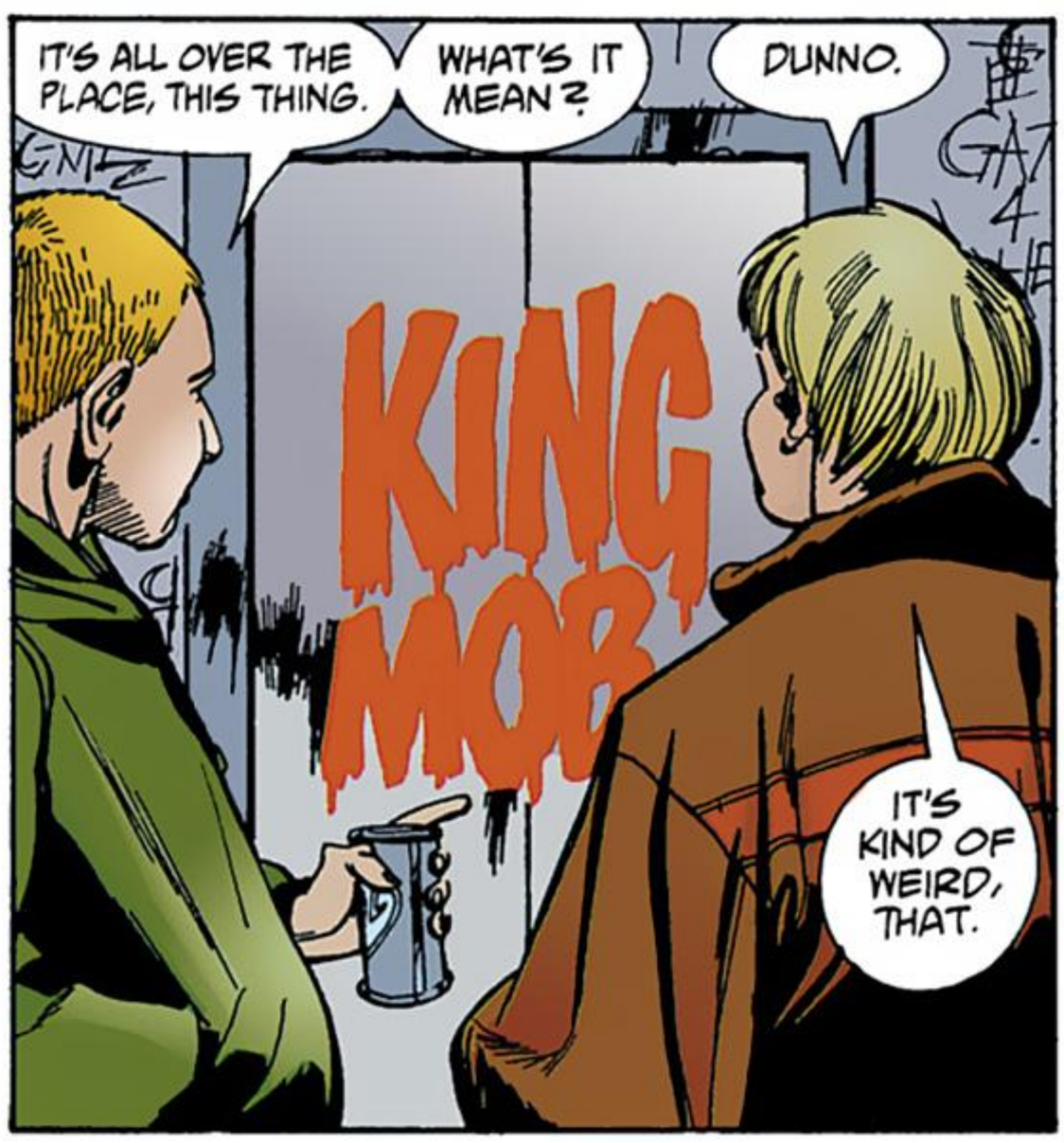
RUN FOR IT!

WE ARE THE BOYS! WE ARE THE BOYS!
WE ARE THE...CROXTETH PO-SSE!
KING MOB

HAHAHAHAHA

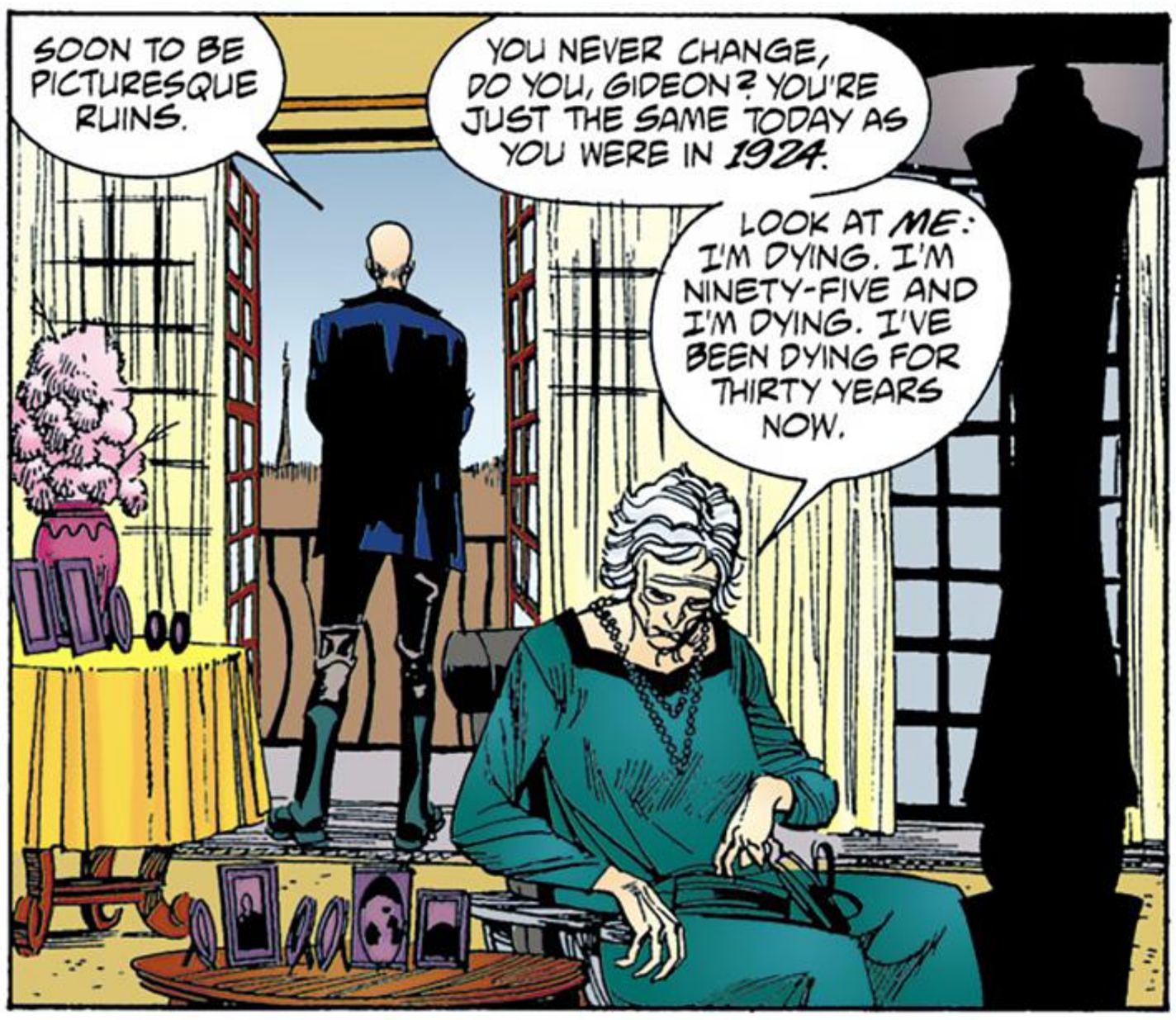
I LOVE THE SOUND OF FIRE ENGINES. IT'S LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD'S BURNING DOWN.
I WISH I'D AN ATOM BOMB.

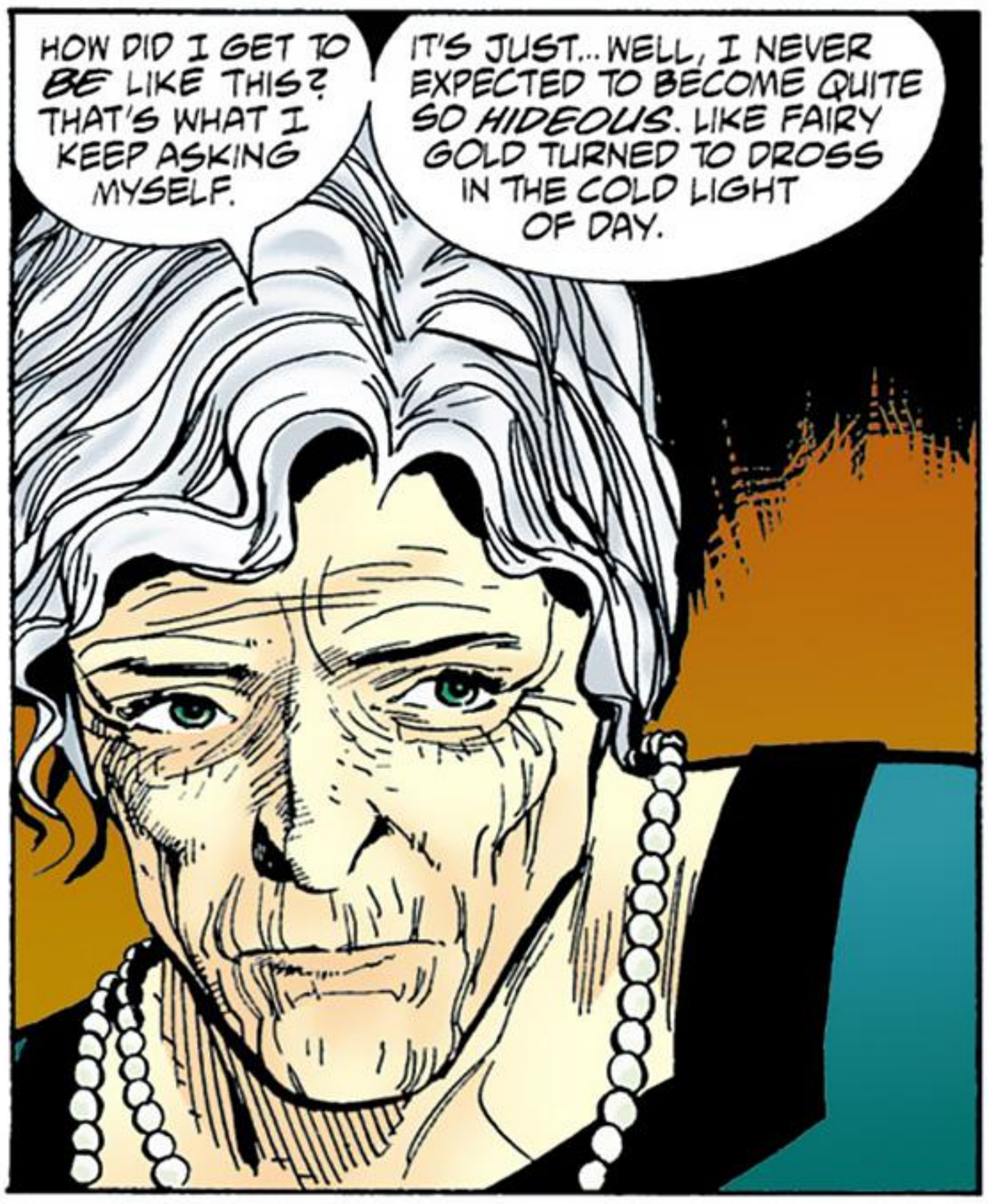

I'D DROP IT ON LIVERPOOL.
THEY'D NEED A MILLION FIRE ENGINES FOR THAT. IMAGINE THE FUCKING NOISE.
EY.
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS?


IT'S ALL OVER THE PLACE, THIS THING.
WHAT'S IT MEAN?
DUNNO.
KING MOB
IT'S KIND OF WEIRD, THAT.

IT'S SORT OF LIKE I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE BUT I HAVEN'T.
WEIRD.

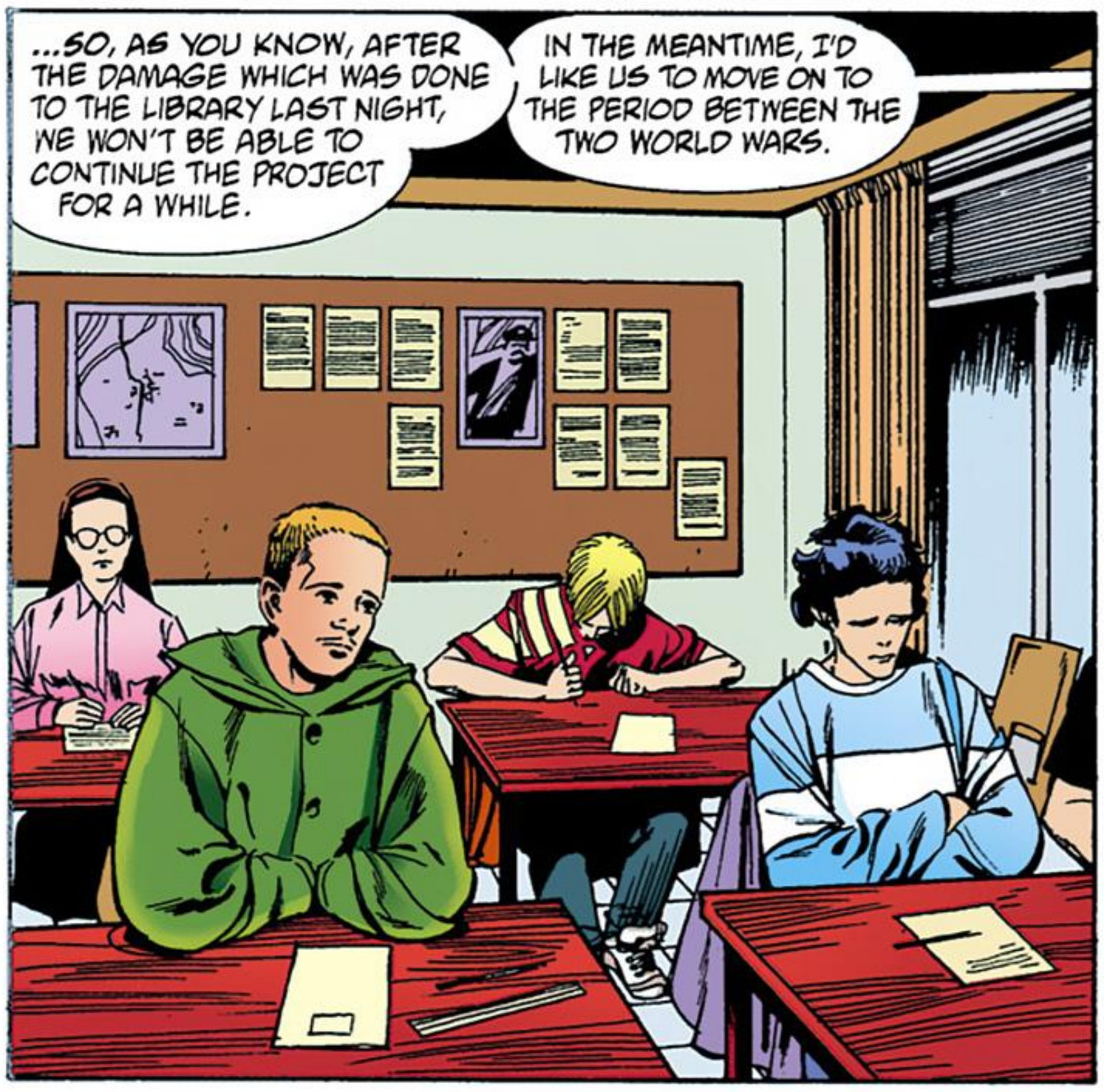
NICE VIEW.


SOON TO BE PICTURESQUE RUINS.
YOU NEVER CHANGE, DO YOU, GIDEON? YOU'RE JUST THE SAME TODAY AS YOU WERE IN 1924.
LOOK AT ME: I'M DYING. I'M NINETY-FIVE AND I'M DYING. I'VE BEEN DYING FOR THIRTY YEARS NOW.


HOW DID I GET TO BE LIKE THIS? THAT'S WHAT I KEEP ASKING MYSELF.
IT'S JUST... WELL, I NEVER EXPECTED TO BECOME QUITE SO HIDEOUS. LIKE FAIRY GOLD TURNED TO DROSS IN THE COLD LIGHT OF DAY.

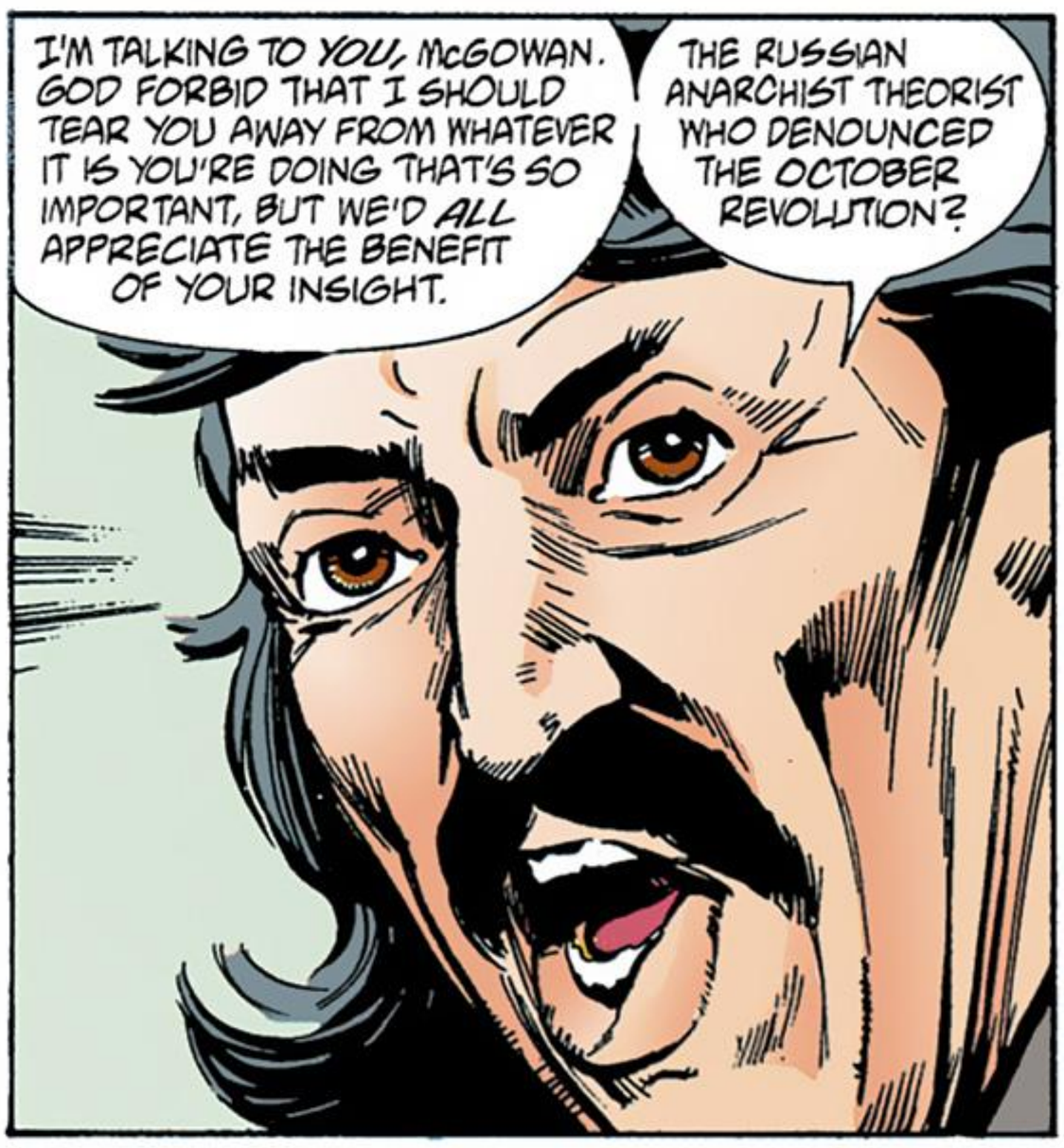
I HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHN-A-DREAMS.
YOU'LL BE SEARCHING FOR A NEW RECRUIT, I PRESUME.
WE'VE FOUND HIM. HE'S YOUNG. HE NEEDS A LOT OF TRAINING. THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE.
WE CAN'T LOCATE TOM. I'D LIKE YOU TO CONTACT HIM. I KNOW YOU STILL HAVE A LINK.

OH GOD, GIDEON, NO.
I'M TOO OLD AND ILL FOR THIS KIND OF THING...
EXACTLY. SO BE A DEAR AND JUST DO IT BEFORE YOU'RE TOO DEAD, EDITH.
AND LET US KNOW WHEN YOU FIND HIM.


...SO, AS YOU KNOW, AFTER THE DAMAGE WHICH WAS DONE TO THE LIBRARY LAST NIGHT, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO CONTINUE THE PROJECT FOR A WHILE.
IN THE MEANTIME, I'D LIKE US TO MOVE ON TO THE PERIOD BETWEEN THE TWO WORLD WARS.

WE'RE GOING TO BE LOOKING AT THE WAYS IN WHICH THE EARLY LINKS BETWEEN COMMUNIST THEORY AND OTHER RADICAL POLITICAL MOVEMENTS WERE SEVERED FOLLOWING THE REVOLUTION.
CAN ANYONE TELL ME THE NAME OF THE ANARCHIST WRITER OF 'MUTUAL AID' WHO DENOUNCED THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION?

McGOWAN?
DANE McGOWAN?


I'M TALKING TO YOU, McGOWAN. GOD FORBID THAT I SHOULD TEAR YOU AWAY FROM WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE DOING THAT'S SO IMPORTANT, BUT WE'D ALL APPRECIATE THE BENEFIT OF YOUR INSIGHT.
THE RUSSIAN ANARCHIST THEORIST WHO DENOUNCED THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION?

SIR?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR. WAS IT MOLOTOV?

I DON'T... AH. RIGHT, THERE'S THE BELL.
OKAY. SIX THOUSAND WORDS ON THE POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN IMPERIAL RUSSIA WHICH LED TO THE BOLSHEVIK UPRISING. FOR WEDNESDAY...

McGOWAN.
I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU PLEASE.
SEE YOU LATER.

WHY DO YOU DO IT, McGOWAN?
DO WHAT, SIR?
I HAVEN'T DONE NOTHING.

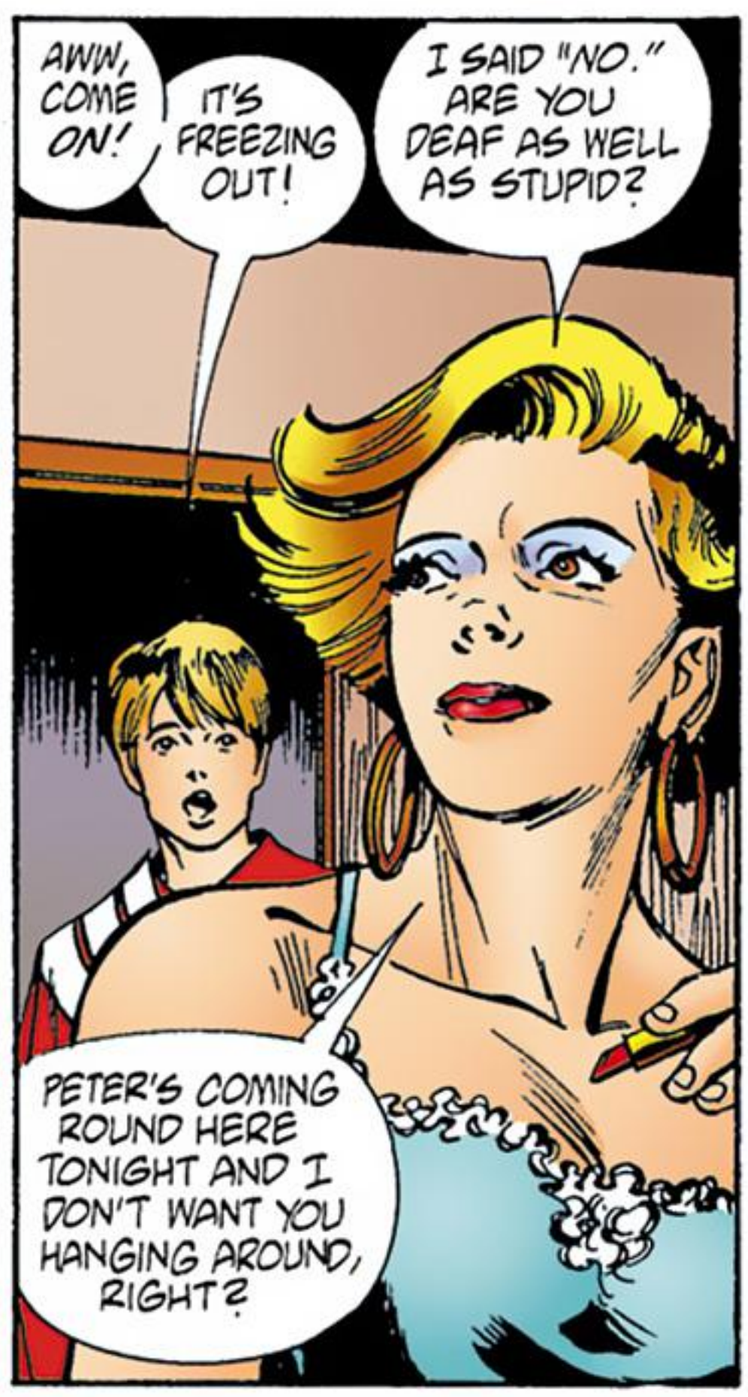
LOOK, McGOWAN, I KNOW YOU'RE NOT LIKE THESE OTHER LADS YOU RUN AROUND WITH. YOU'RE NOT STUPID. YOU COULD HAVE ANSWERED THAT QUESTION.
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, McGOWAN.

SIR.
AND I HOPE THAT "MOLOTOV" COMMENT WAS JUST A JOKE. ONLY NAZIS BURN BOOKS.
CARRY ON LIKE THIS AND YOU'LL END UP IN JAIL, OR AS JUST ANOTHER BLANK, BRUTALIZED FACE, DRINKING BEER IN FRONT OF THE TELLY. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T LET THE DEADWEIGHTS DRAG YOU DOWN, McGOWAN.
SIR.

MUM?

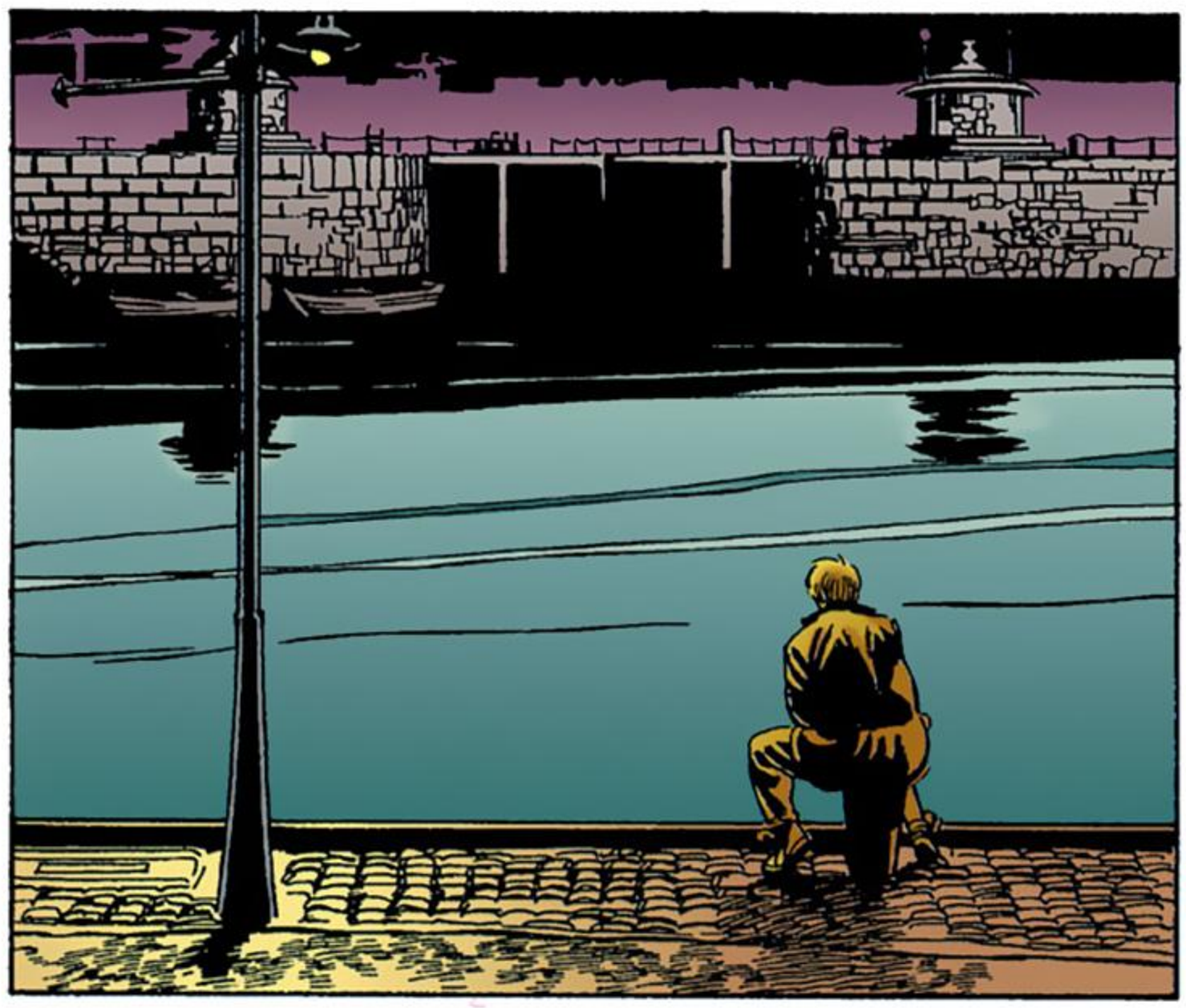
GIVE US THE VIDEO CARD, WILL YOU?
I CAN'T BE ARSED GOING OUT TONIGHT.
OH, YOU CAN'T, CAN YOU? WELL, THINK AGAIN.
YOU'RE NOT STAYING IN TONIGHT. TAKE THAT MONEY ON THE MANTLE-PIECE AND GO BUY YOURSELF A KEBAB OR SOMETHING.

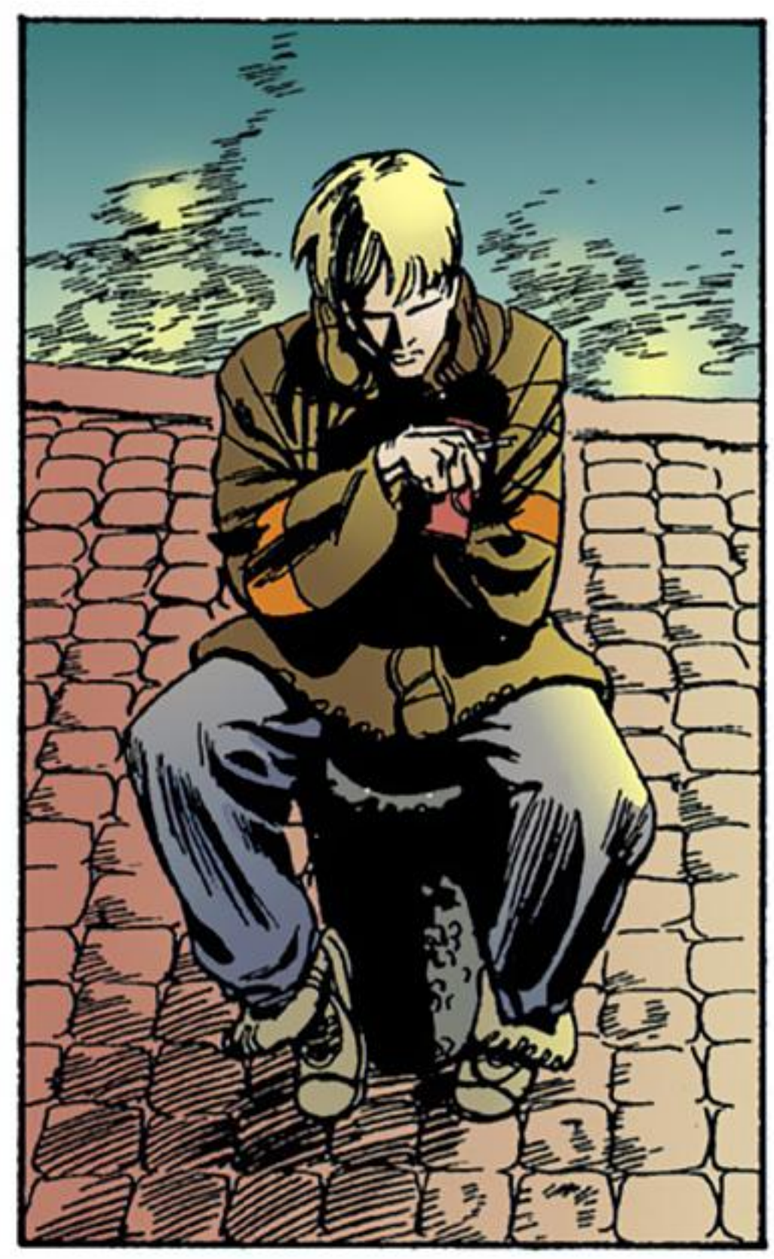

AWW, COME ON!
IT'S FREEZING OUT!
I SAID "NO." ARE YOU DEAF AS WELL AS STUPID?
PETER'S COMING ROUND HERE TONIGHT AND I DON'T WANT YOU HANGING AROUND, RIGHT?

WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO GO? I LIVE HERE, DON'T I?
ANYWAY, PETE'S A PRICK.
OH, HE'S A PRICK IS HE NOW? AND YOU'RE SO FUCKING SMART, ARE YOU?
WHO D'YOU THINK YOU ARE? ALL YOU'VE EVER DONE IS RUIN MY LIFE EVER SINCE THE MINUTE YOU WERE BORN. YOU'RE JUST LIKE YOUR DAD.

AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR SHIT, RIGHT!
NOW GET OUT OF HERE YOU LITTLE BASTARD BEFORE I HAVE TO KICK YOUR ARSE OUT THAT DOOR MYSELF!

KING MOB





MAIN REASON I DON'T WANT TO STAY IN THE GROUP.

I MEAN, I'M NEVER GOING TO BE ABLE TO PLAY THE BASS AND I'M FUCKING SICK OF PAUL MOANING ABOUT IT.

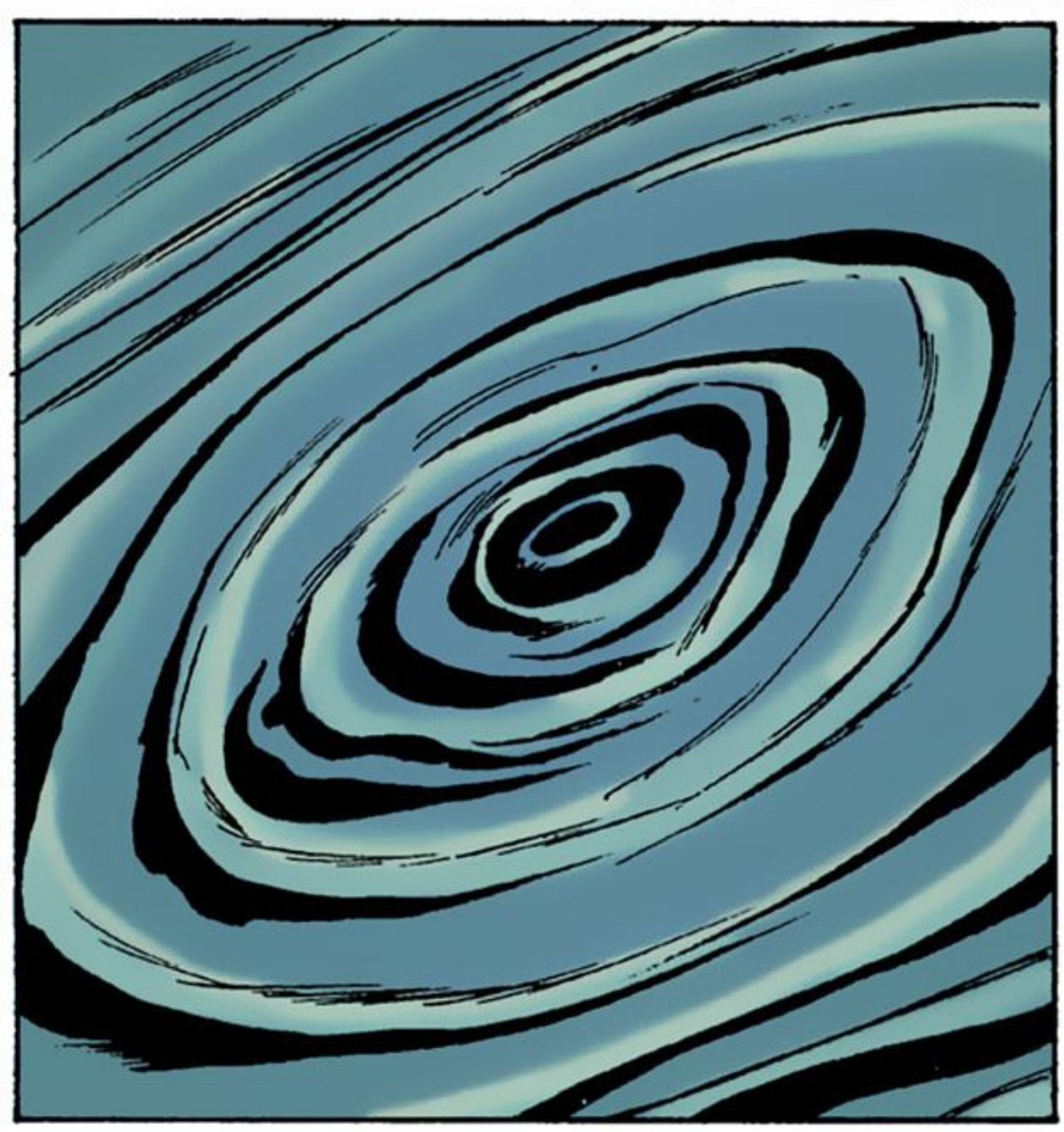
I BELONG IN HAMBURG. ASTRID'S THERE, AND MY PAINTING.
YOU WON'T MISS ME.
:hoff: ANOTHER NAIL IN MY COFFIN.

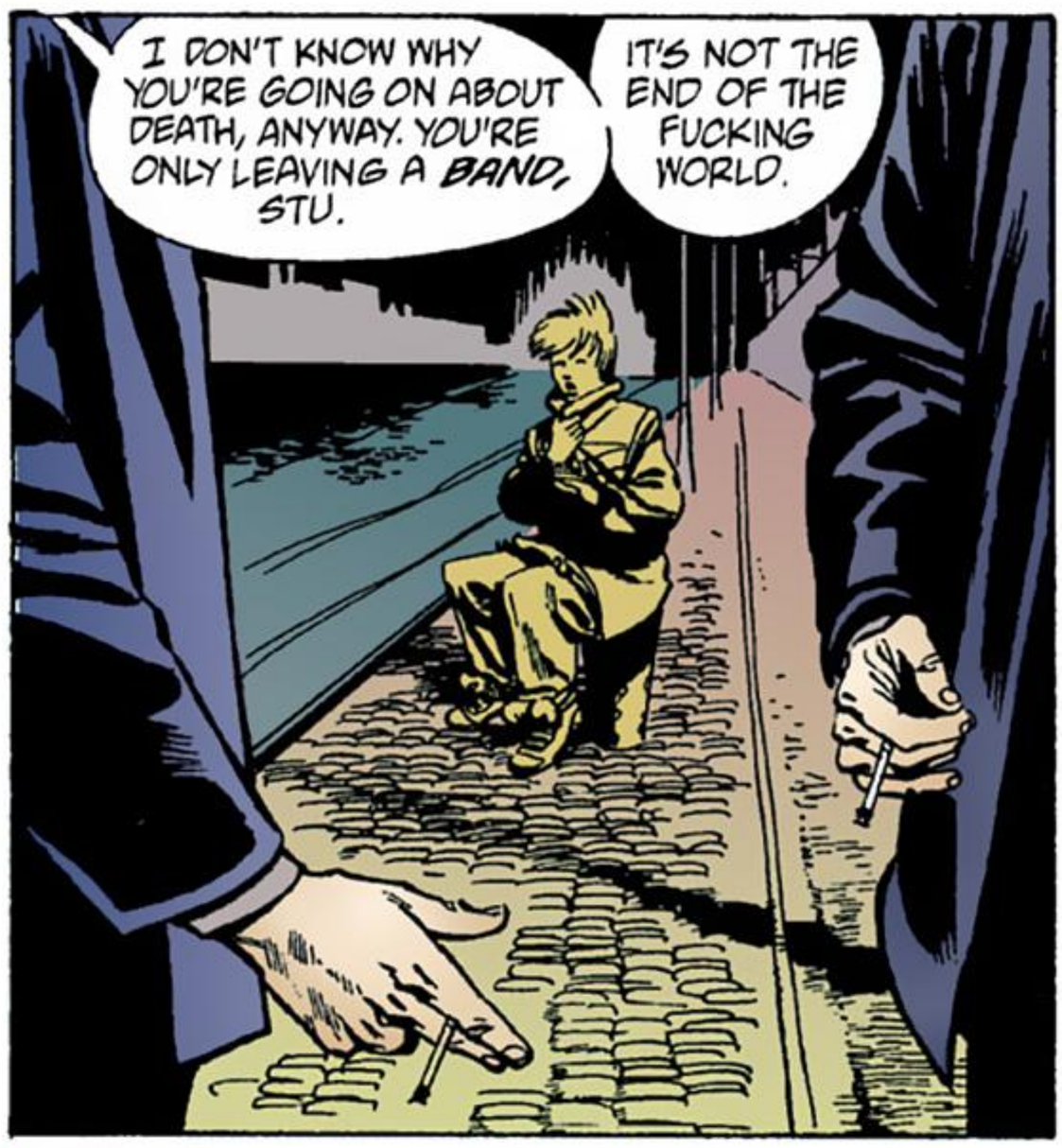
YEAH. D'YOU EVER WONDER HOW YOU'LL *DIE*, JOHN?
WHEN I DIE I WANT TO BE BURIED IN A WHITE COFFIN.

I WOULDN'T MIND DYING YOUNG, LIKE JAMES DEAN.
WHO WANTS TO GET OLD AND SHITTY?
I WANNA DIE IN THE ARMS OF BRIGITTE BARDOT.

STILL, IF WE HANG AROUND HERE, WE'LL FUCKING *FREEZE* TO DEATH.

I WISH I WAS BACK IN HAMBURG. LIVERPOOL'S A FUCKING DRAG.
IF ANYTHING'S DEAD, IT'S *THIS* PLACE.




I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE GOING ON ABOUT DEATH, ANYWAY. YOU'RE ONLY LEAVING A BAND, STU.
IT'S NOT THE END OF THE FUCKING WORLD.

MR. LENNON?
YEAH?

SHIT.
WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT? I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING.
CAR BACK-FIRING.

MAYBE WE ARE DEAD, JOHN. WE COULD BE DEAD AND NOT KNOW IT.
MORE LIKE WE'RE FUCKING ALIVE AND DON'T KNOW IT.
A BANJO-PLAYING SPASTIC JUST WARPED ACROSS MY GRAVE, YOUR HONOR.

AH, I CAN'T BE ARSED WITH THIS!
LET'S GO SOMEWHERE AND TOAST YOUR RETIREMENT FROM THE WORLD OF POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT.
TOAST'S ABOUT ALL WE CAN AFFORD.

YEAH, WELL... ONE DAY WHEN WE'RE FAMOUS, WE'LL LOOK BACK AND LAUGH.

HA
HA
HA

WE ARE THOUSANDS. ERDISCHE METHODE GUT, STARKER BESITSCHER. TERRIBLE LIGHT AND COLD. ONE IS DEAD AT 22, ONE AT 40.
WE ARE THE MAD ONES. HERE IN THE WORLD. COME HOME. THE REVERSE OF THE MOON. SEELISCHES LAND.

SEELISCHES LAND.
FUCK OFF, YOU.
I'M NOT LISTENING.

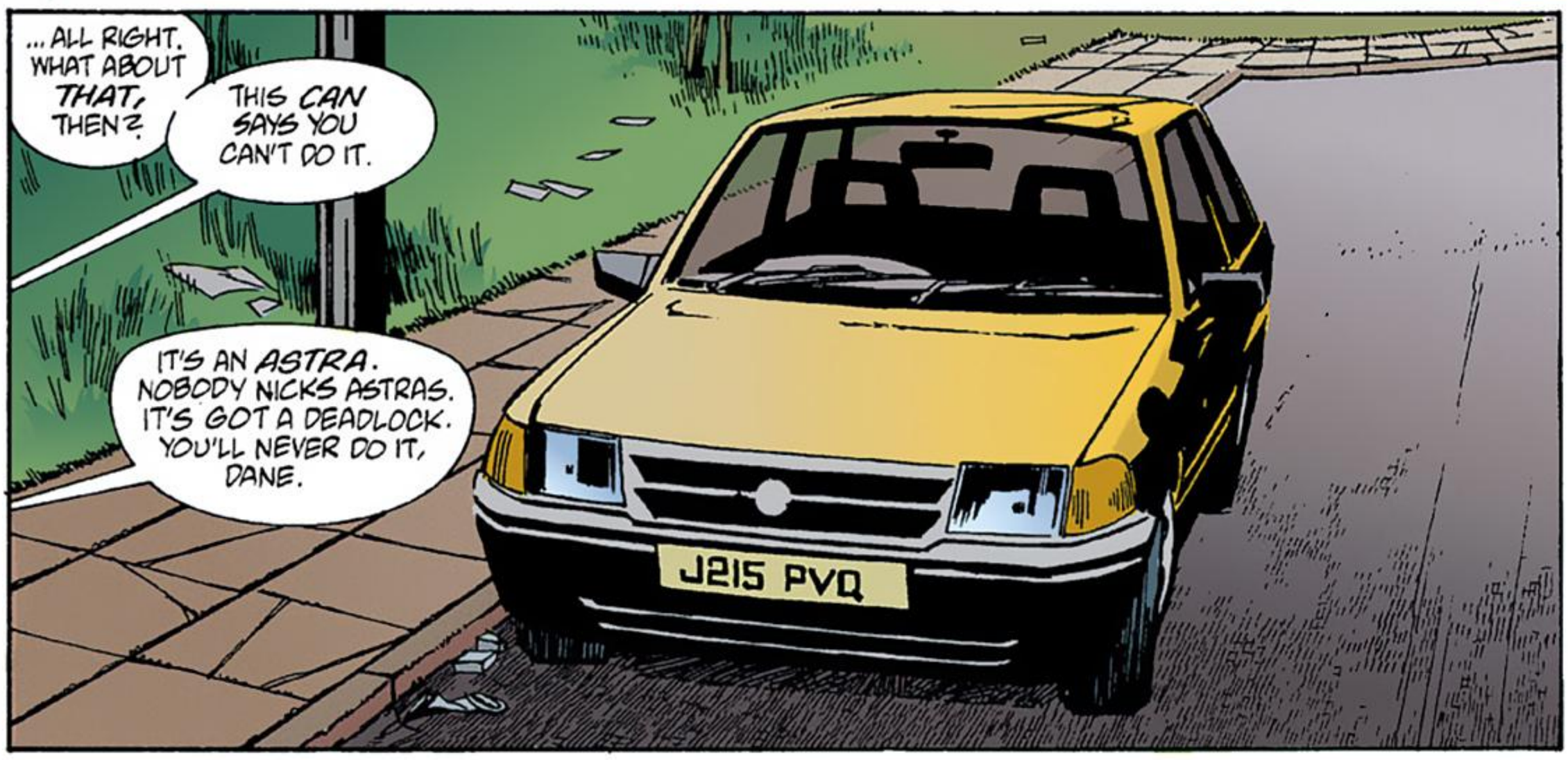
I'M NOT.
I DON'T CARE.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT NOTHING.

...SEE GOPHER GOT DONE ON A TDA.
THE WANKER WAS SO PISSED HE CRASHED THE CAR RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE POLICE STATION.
OLYMPIC Fish
GOPHER'S A PRICK ANYWAY. SERVES HIM RIGHT.

YO!
GAZ HERE'S GOT A STIFFIE! HE SAYS YOU CAN TAKE A LOOK AT IT.
I WOULD, BUT I HAVEN'T GOT MY MAGNIFYING GLASS ON ME!
TELL HIM TO COME BACK WHEN HE REACHES PUBERTY!

SHE'S GAGGING FOR IT, MAN!
SHURRUP, WILLYA?
SHE'S A FUCKING DOG ANYHOW.

BET I CAN NICK ANY CAR IN TWO MINUTES.
MY ARSE!
PROVE IT.


...ALL RIGHT. WHAT ABOUT THAT, THEN?
THIS CAN SAYS YOU CAN'T DO IT.
IT'S AN ASTRA. NOBODY NICKS ASTRAS. IT'S GOT A DEADLOCK. YOU'LL NEVER DO IT, DANE.
J215 PVQ

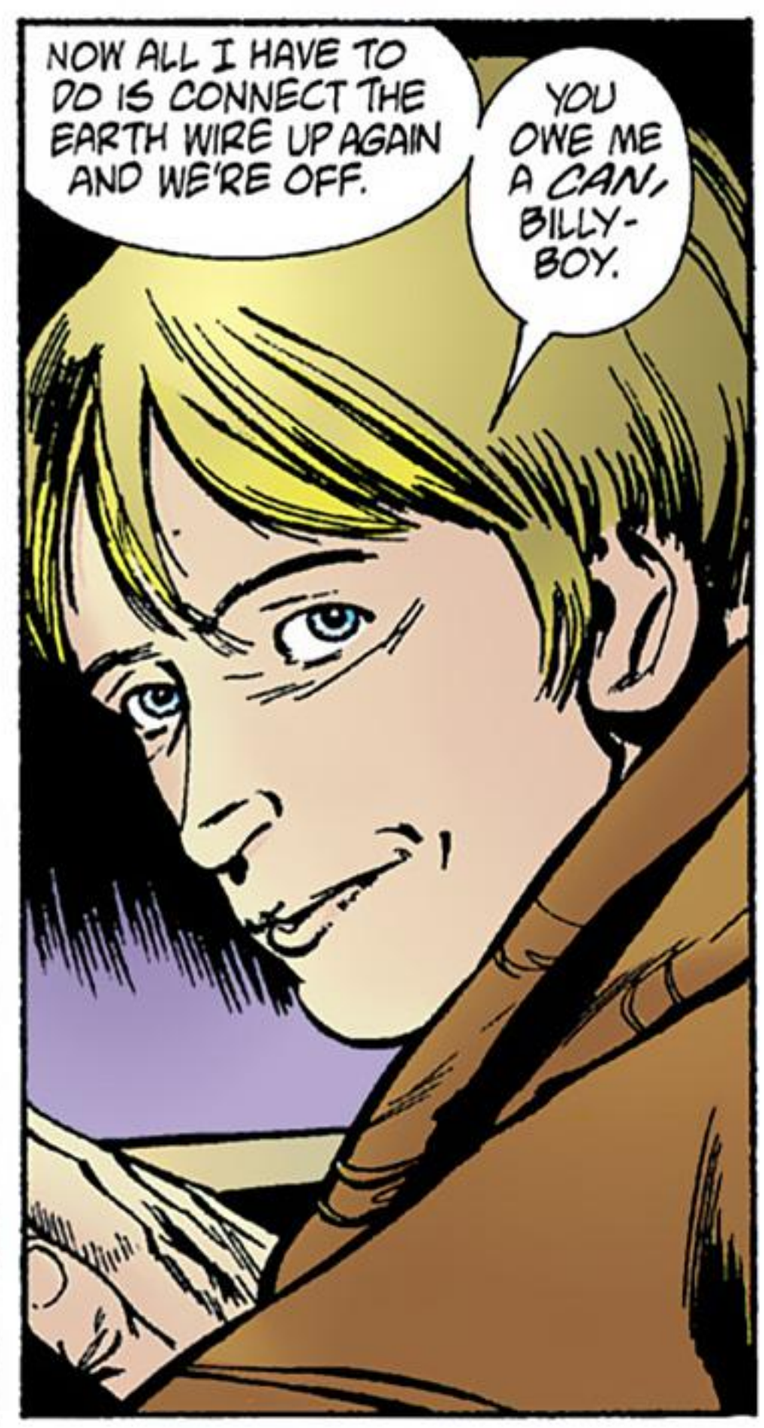
TWO MINUTES.

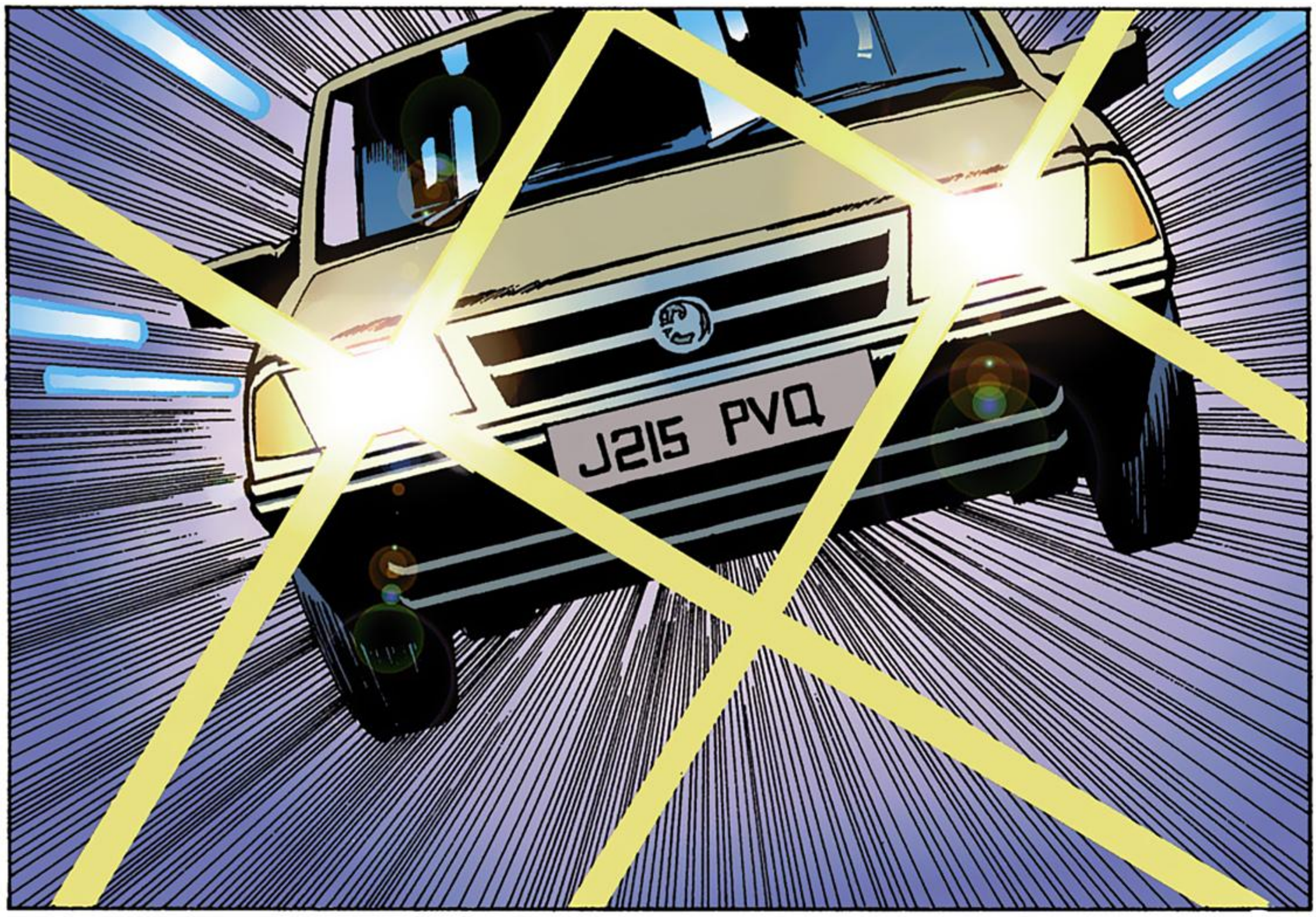
YOU JUST FORCE THE DEADLOCK OFF WITH THE CROWBAR, RIGHT?
DODGE UNDER THE CAR.

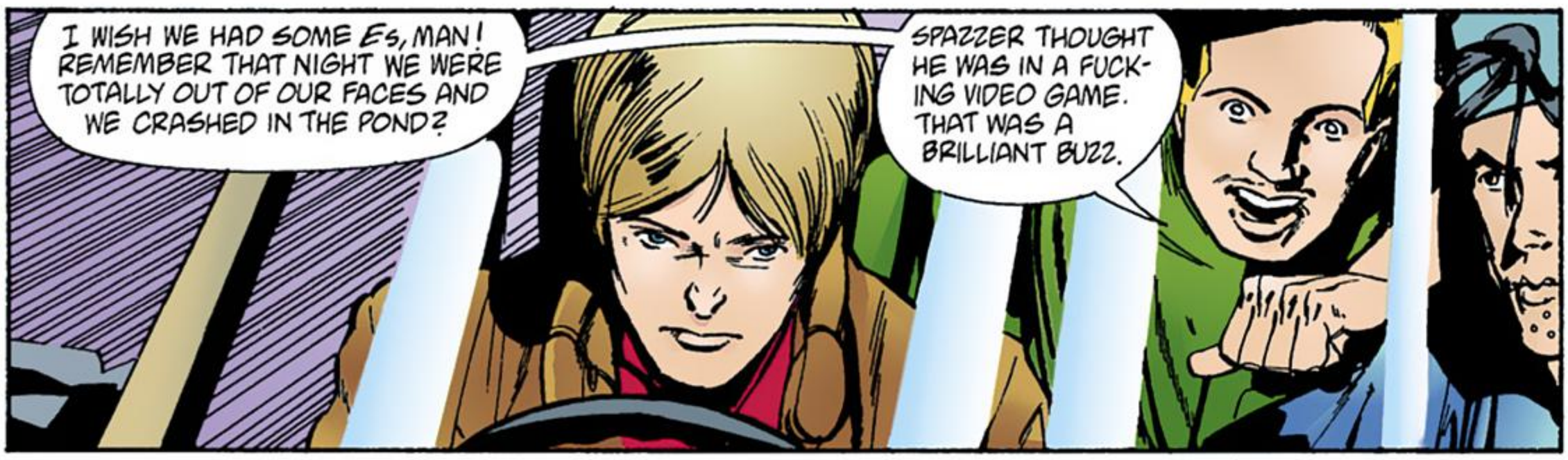
PULL THE EARTH WIRE OFF THE GEARBOX AND EVERYTHING STOPS WORKING, SEE?

YOU WITH ME SO FAR?
YOU GOT A MINUTE LEFT.

NO PROBLEM.
THERE.
JUST RIP THE ALARM OUT.

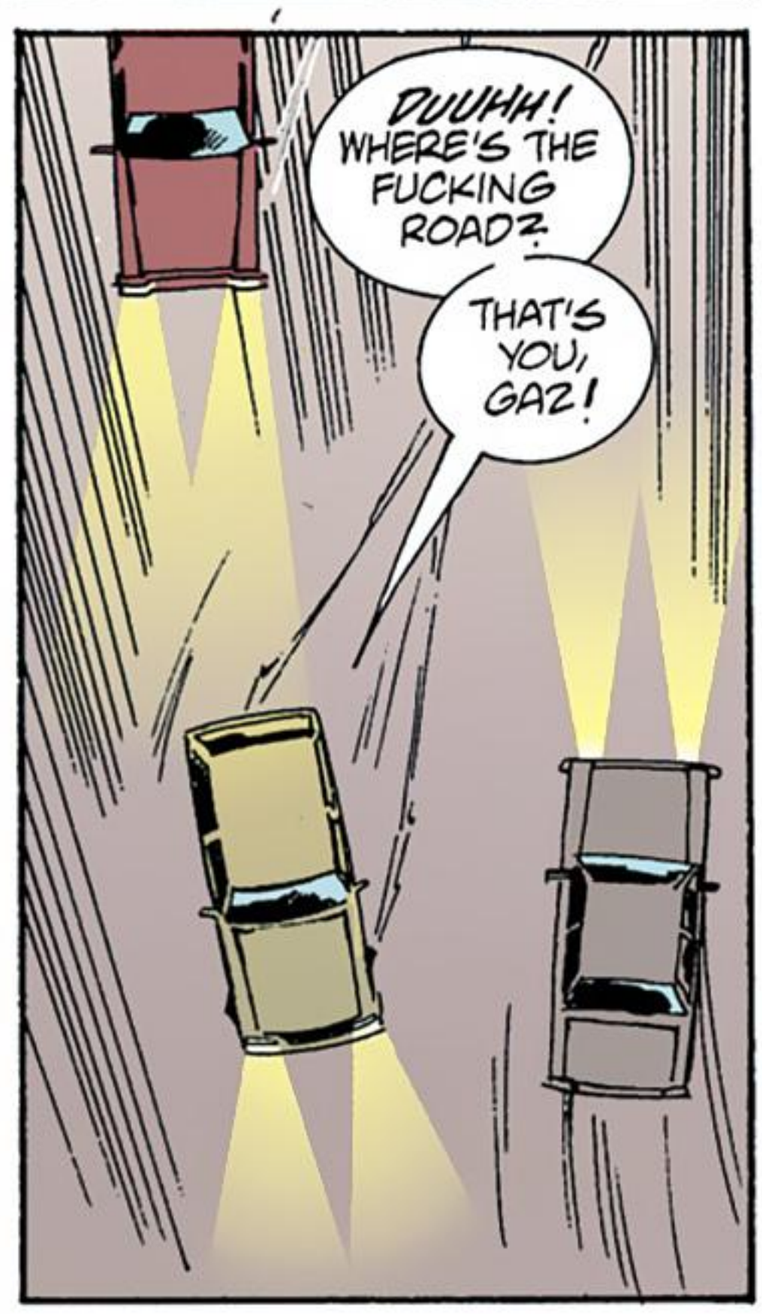

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CONNECT THE EARTH WIRE UP AGAIN AND WE'RE OFF.
YOU OWE ME A CAN, BILLY-BOY.

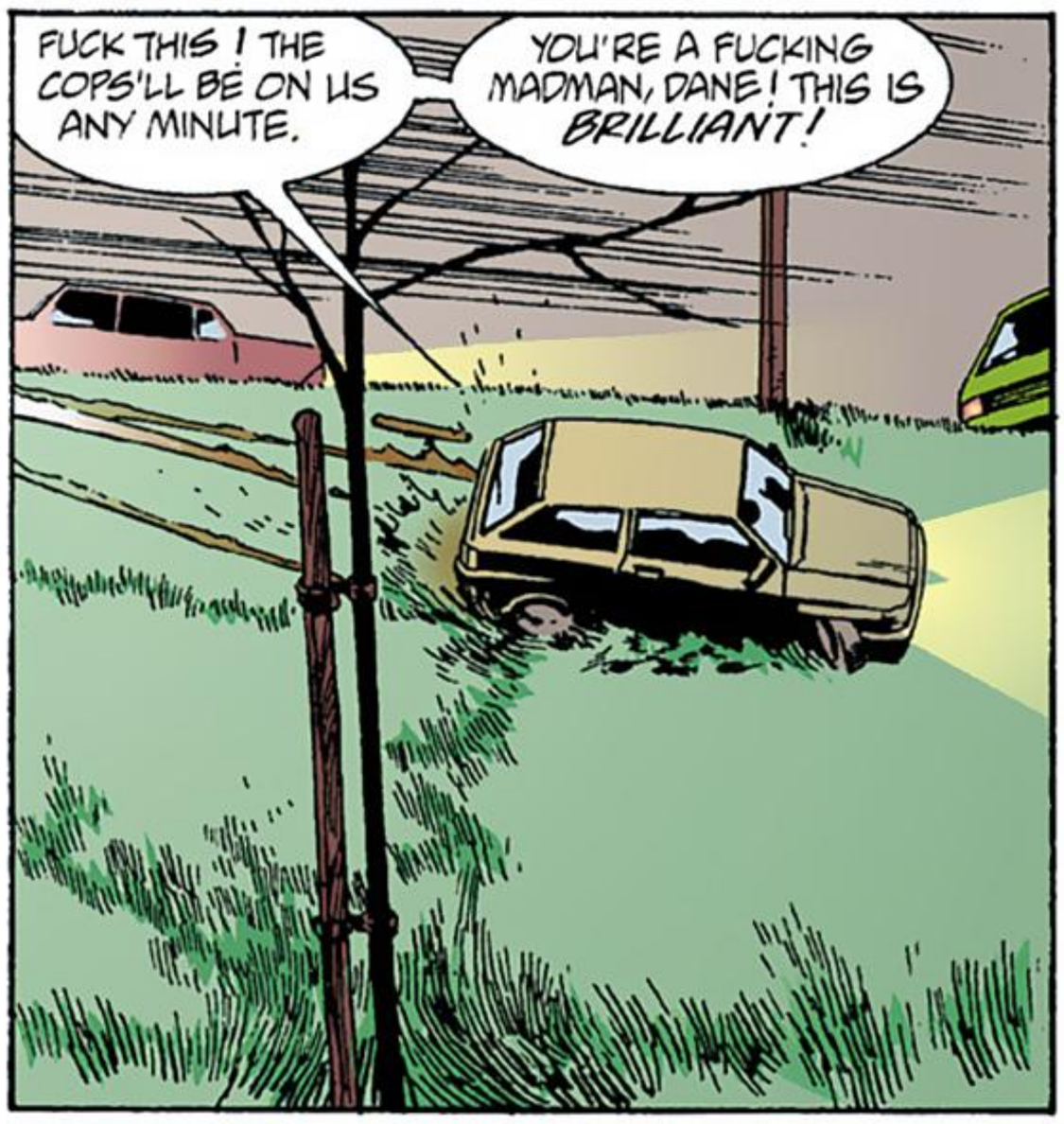

J215 PVQ


I WISH WE HAD SOME Es, MAN! REMEMBER THAT NIGHT WE WERE TOTALLY OUT OF OUR FACES AND WE CRASHED IN THE POND?
SPAZZER THOUGHT HE WAS IN A FUCKING VIDEO GAME. THAT WAS A BRILLIANT BUZZ.

GIZZA GO DRIVING.
GET TO FUCK!
YOU DRIVE LIKE A CRIPPLE WALKS, YOU DO.

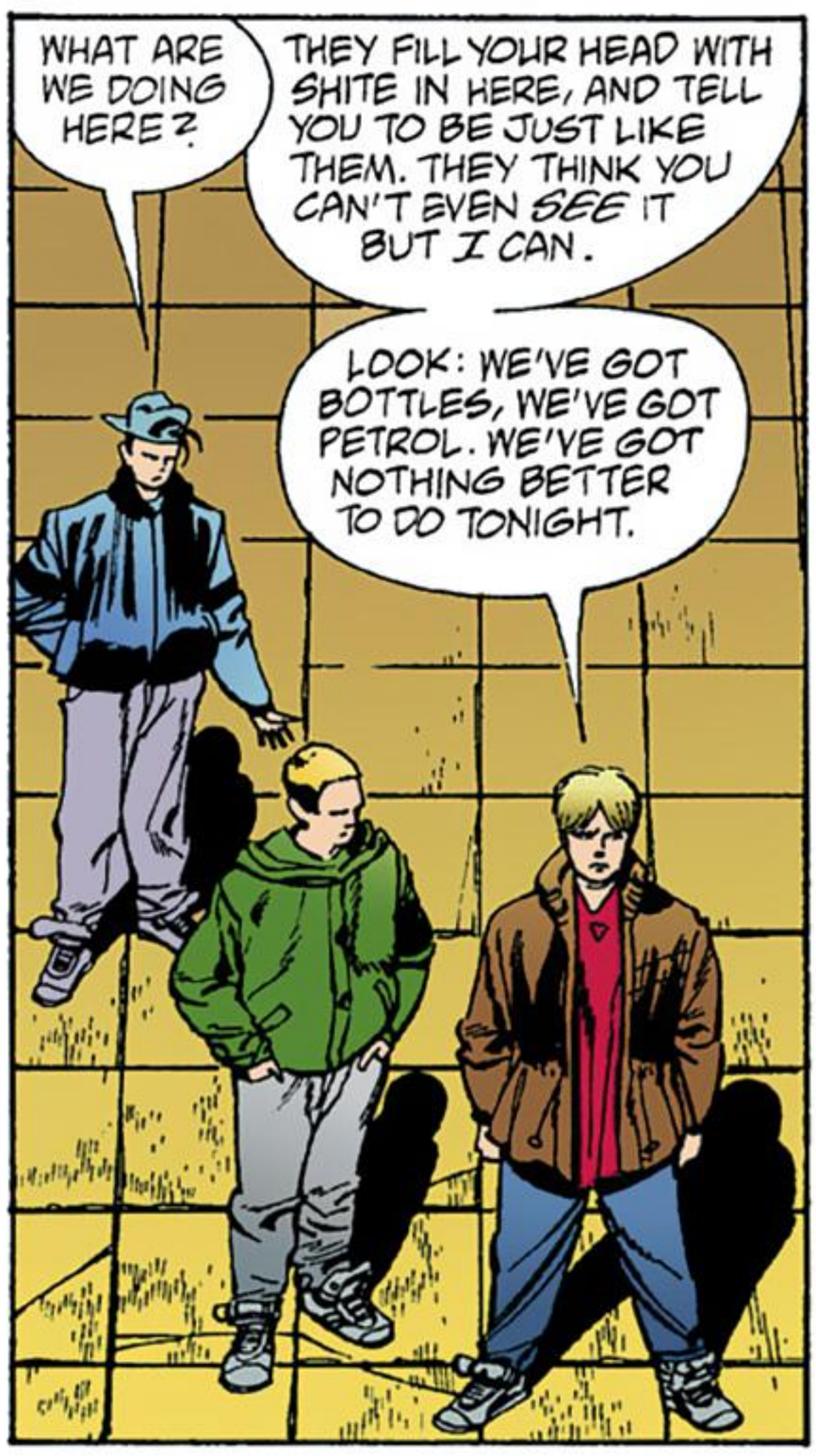
THIS IS WHAT YOU DRIVE LIKE!
WAAAUUU
FUCK!


DUUHH! WHERE'S THE FUCKING ROAD?
THAT'S YOU, GAZ!

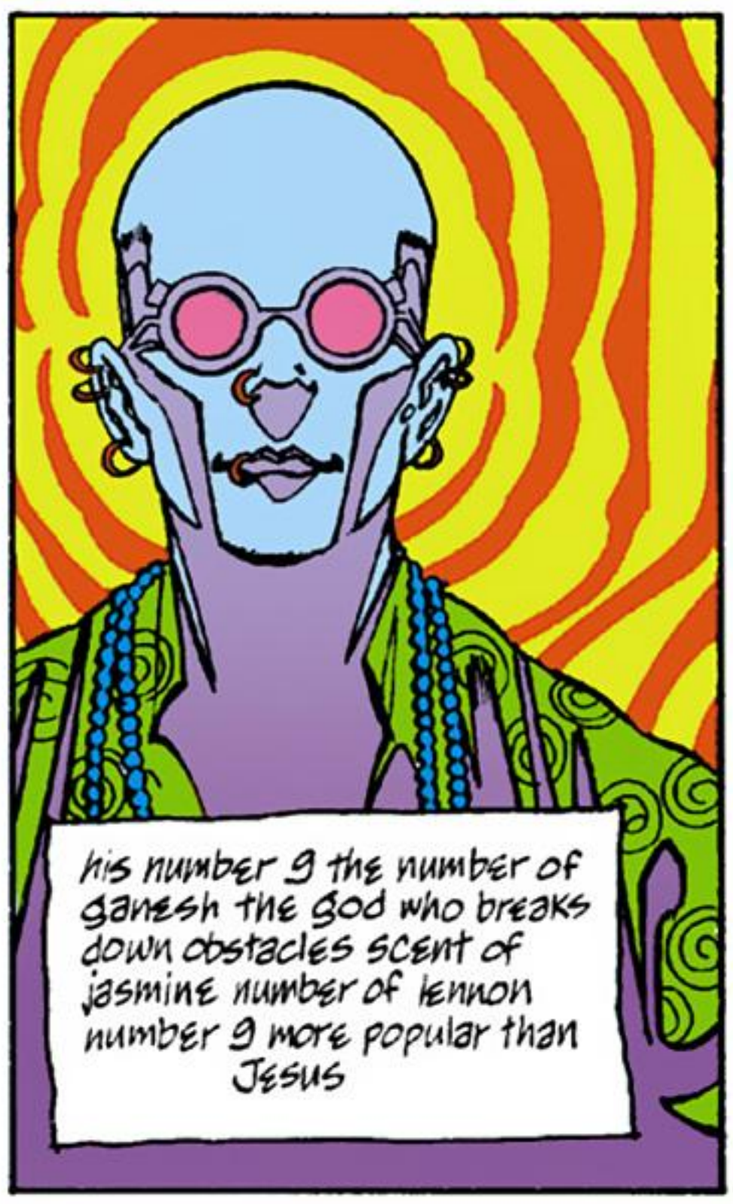

FUCK THIS ! THE COPS'LL BE ON US ANY MINUTE.
YOU'RE A FUCKING MADMAN, DANE! THIS IS BRILLIANT!

WHERE'RE WE GOING, ANYWAY?
WELL, IT'S FURTHER EDUCATION, ISN'T IT?
WHAT?

...WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE IT SITTING THERE.
WE CAN DO ANYTHING WE WANT WITH IT.
THEY SHOULD JUST BE GLAD WE DIDN'T WRECK IT.


WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?
THEY FILL YOUR HEAD WITH SHITE IN HERE, AND TELL YOU TO BE JUST LIKE THEM. THEY THINK YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE IT BUT I CAN.
LOOK: WE'VE GOT BOTTLES, WE'VE GOT PETROL. WE'VE GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO TONIGHT.

I SAY WE BLOW UP THE WHOLE FUCKING SCHOOL.



the head assembles condenses made of music visible music harpsichord shivering liquid noise

buddha gong universal harmonics

monastery acoustic hiss and drone

fade up volume on monks chanting the backwards static hum of the big bang

godhead made of living music

enter the lennonhead soundscape digital clatter of revolving prayerwheels

mantrasonics mantra mantra walls made of mantra walls made of mantra and skin and hair of mantra

magical mystery maze of floral circuitry

looking glass language reverb red in the red room of the head

revolving head revolver neon gunblast of numbers and noise

THIS IS MAD!
WHAT IF WE GET CAUGHT? THIS IS SERIOUS.
SHUT UP, BILLY. WHY DON'T YOU GIVE GAZ A HAND WITH THOSE MOLOTOVS?
COME ON!

HERE! WHAT'S GOING ON!
SHIT!
IT'S BIG MALKIE! WHAT THE FUCK'S HE DOING HERE?

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, YOU CAN'T JUST...
DEAR GOD.
WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'LL ACCOMPLISH?

STOP RIGHT NOW. LISTEN TO ME.
DON'T DO THIS, McGOWAN. DANE. THIS IS ALL WRONG. YOU...

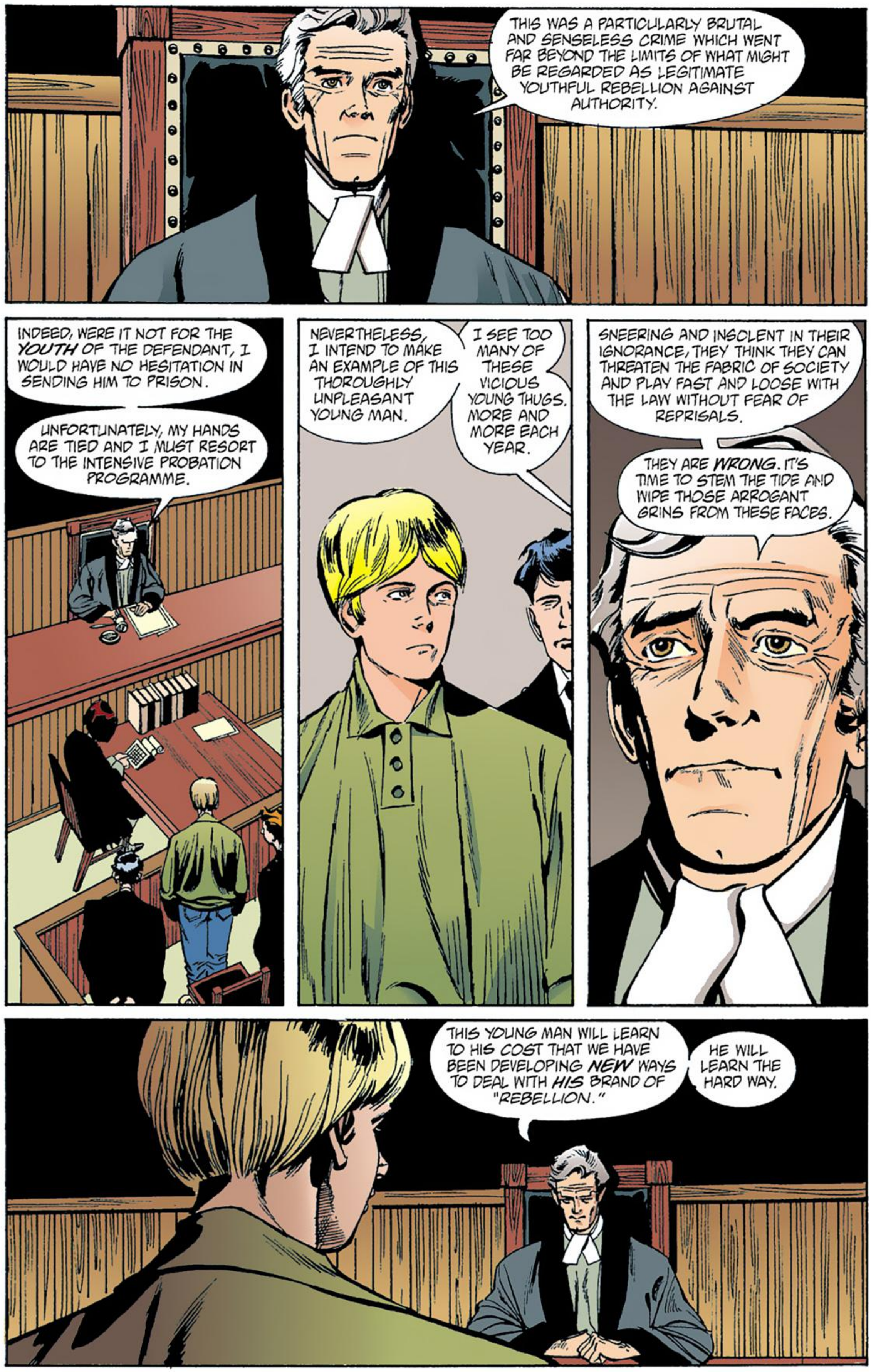
HNNN!

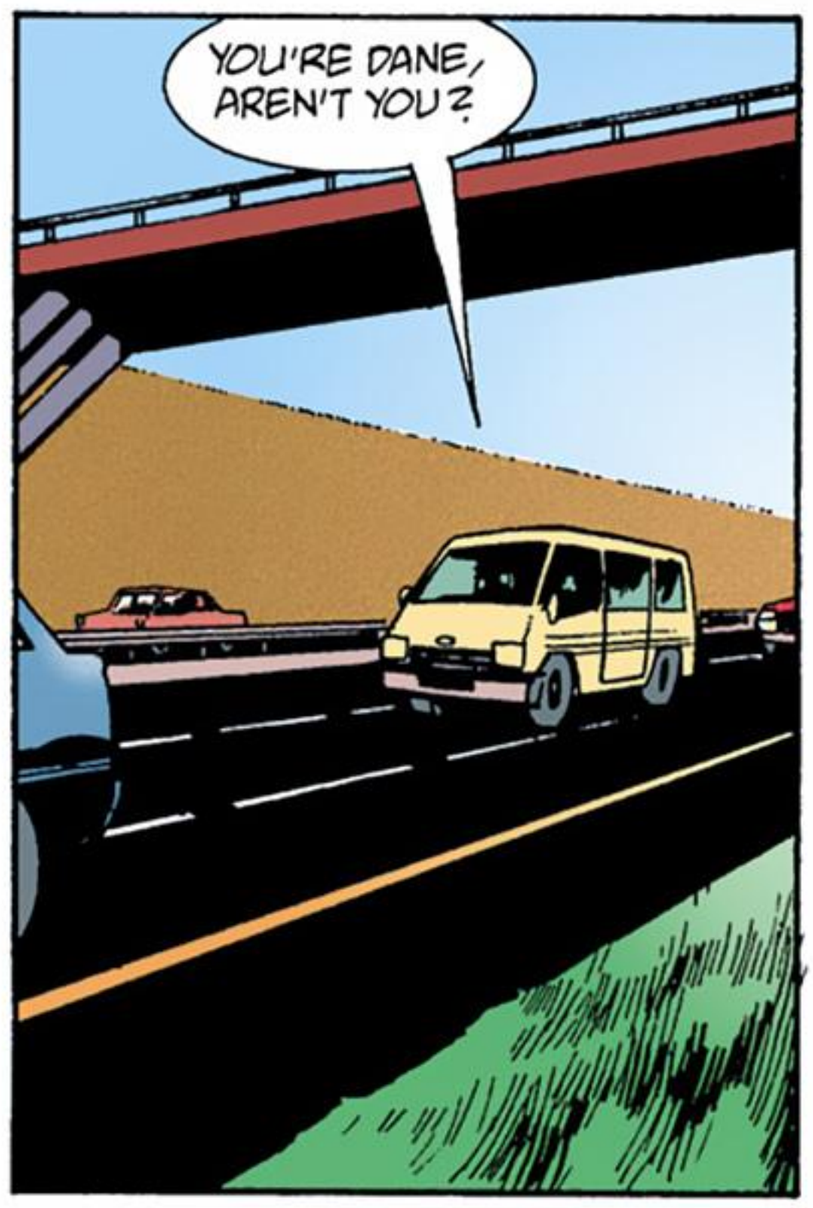
FUCK THIS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE'RE FUCKED! THE JANNY'LL HAVE THE BIZZIES ON US.
...NNN... CHRIST...
YOU GO IF YOU WANT.

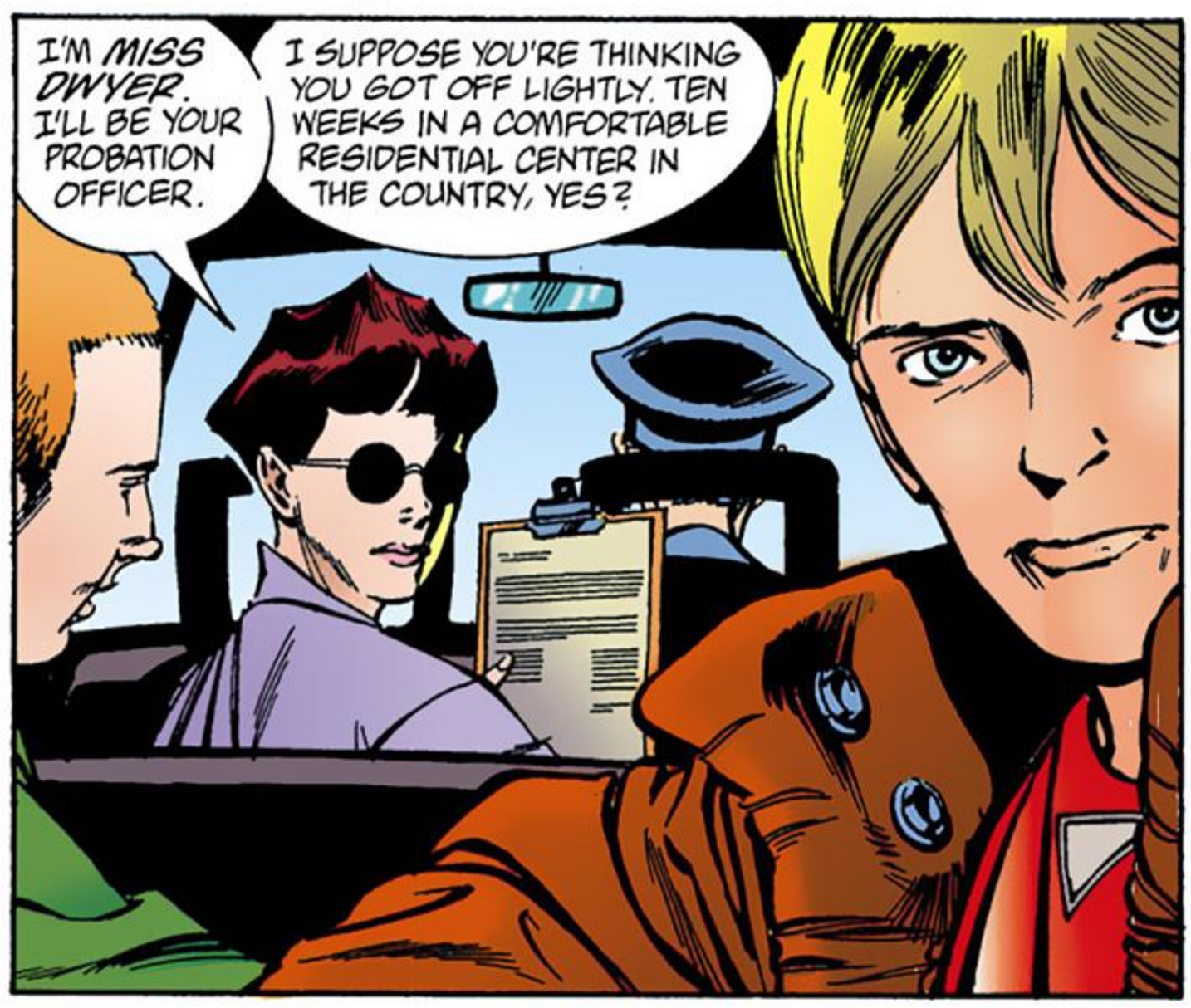
DANE, DON'T DO THIS. THERE ARE OTHER WAYS.
PLEASE ...I UNDER-STAND YOUR FRUSTRATION... I KNOW WHAT...

HRRRT

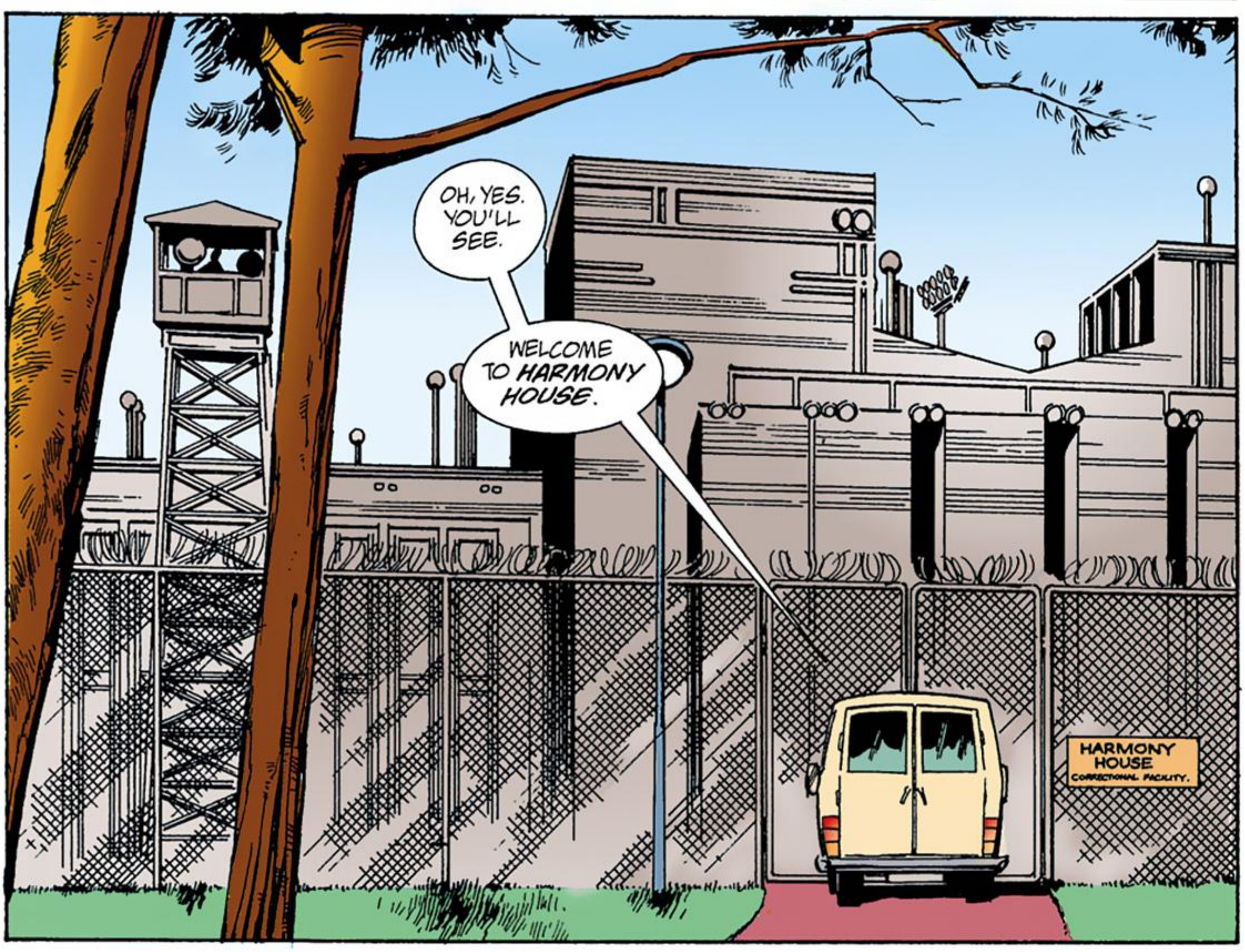
IT WAS KROPOTKIN.
AND YOU'LL NEVER FUCKING UNDERSTAND ME.

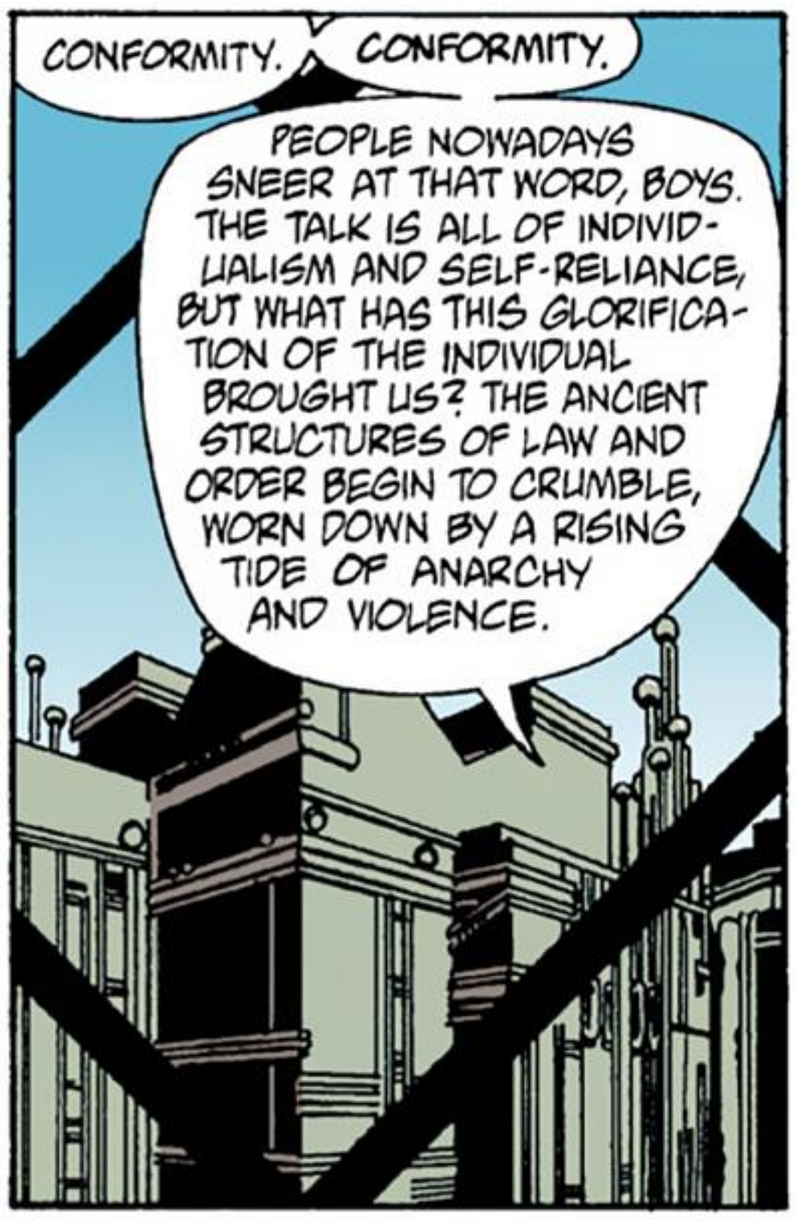

THIS WAS A PARTICULARLY BRUTAL AND SENSELESS CRIME WHICH WENT FAR BEYOND THE LIMITS OF WHAT MIGHT BE REGARDED AS LEGITIMATE YOUTHFUL REBELLION AGAINST AUTHORITY.
INDEED, WERE IT NOT FOR THE YOUTH OF THE DEFENDANT, I WOULD HAVE NO HESITATION IN SENDING HIM TO PRISON.
UNFORTUNATELY, MY HANDS ARE TIED AND I MUST RESORT TO THE INTENSIVE PROBATION PROGRAMME.
NEVERTHELESS, I INTEND TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THIS THOROUGHLY UNPLEASANT YOUNG MAN.
I SEE TOO MANY OF THESE VICIOUS YOUNG THUGS. MORE AND MORE EACH YEAR.
SNEERING AND INSOLENT IN THEIR IGNORANCE, THEY THINK THEY CAN THREATEN THE FABRIC OF SOCIETY AND PLAY FAST AND LOOSE WITH THE LAW WITHOUT FEAR OF REPRISALS.
THEY ARE WRONG. IT'S TIME TO STEM THE TIDE AND WIPE THOSE ARROGANT GRINS FROM THESE FACES.
THIS YOUNG MAN WILL LEARN TO HIS COST THAT WE HAVE BEEN DEVELOPING NEW WAYS TO DEAL WITH HIS BRAND OF "REBELLION."
HE WILL LEARN THE HARD WAY.

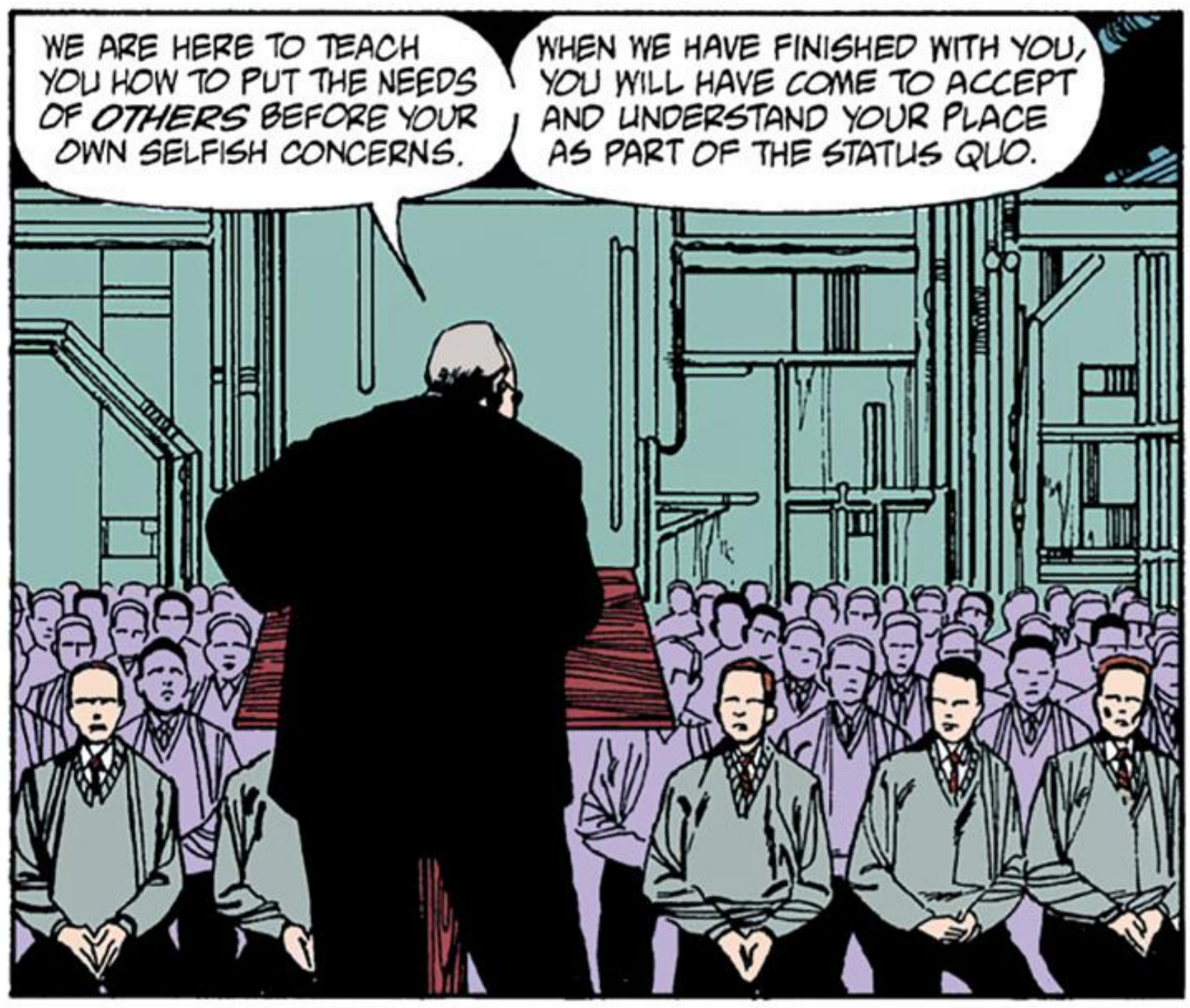

YOU'RE DANE, AREN'T YOU?

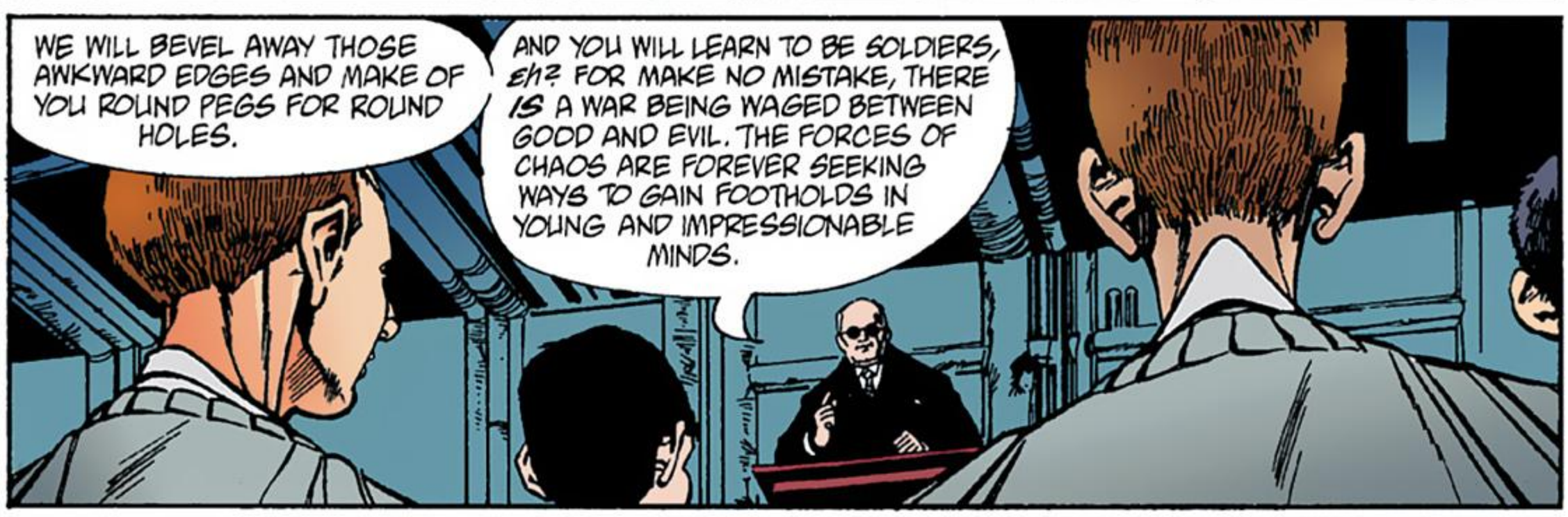

I'M MISS DWYER. I'LL BE YOUR PROBATION OFFICER.
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE THINKING YOU GOT OFF LIGHTLY. TEN WEEKS IN A COMFORTABLE RESIDENTIAL CENTER IN THE COUNTRY, YES?

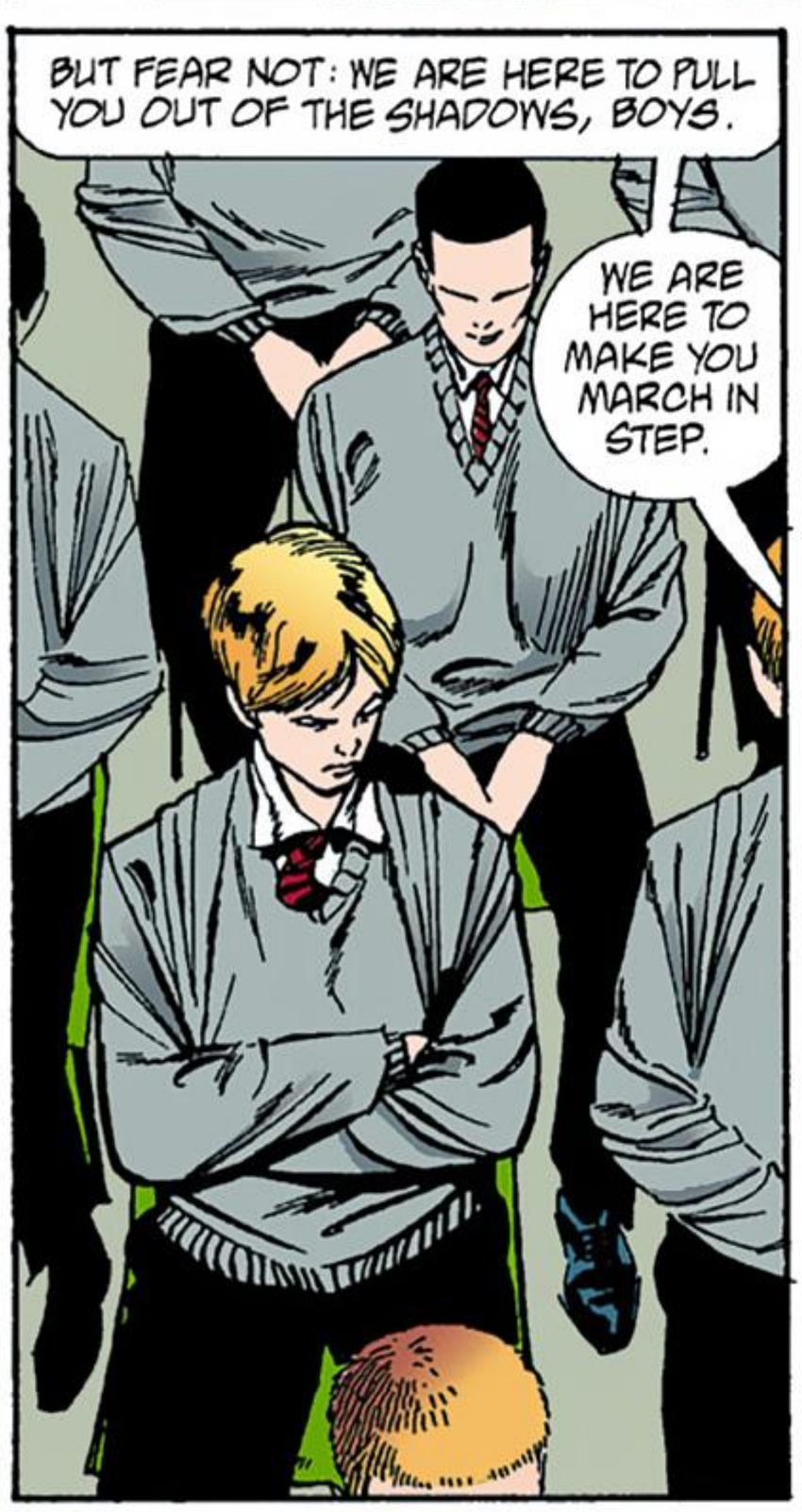
WELL, I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT THE PLACE YOU'RE GOING TO HAS A MUCH MORE... EXPERIMENTAL APPROACH.
WE WORRY ABOUT BOYS LIKE YOU, DANE. SO MUCH ENERGY WASTED IN POINTLESS PETTY ACTS OF VIOLENCE. WE INTEND TO FIND...BETTER WAYS TO USE THAT ENERGY.

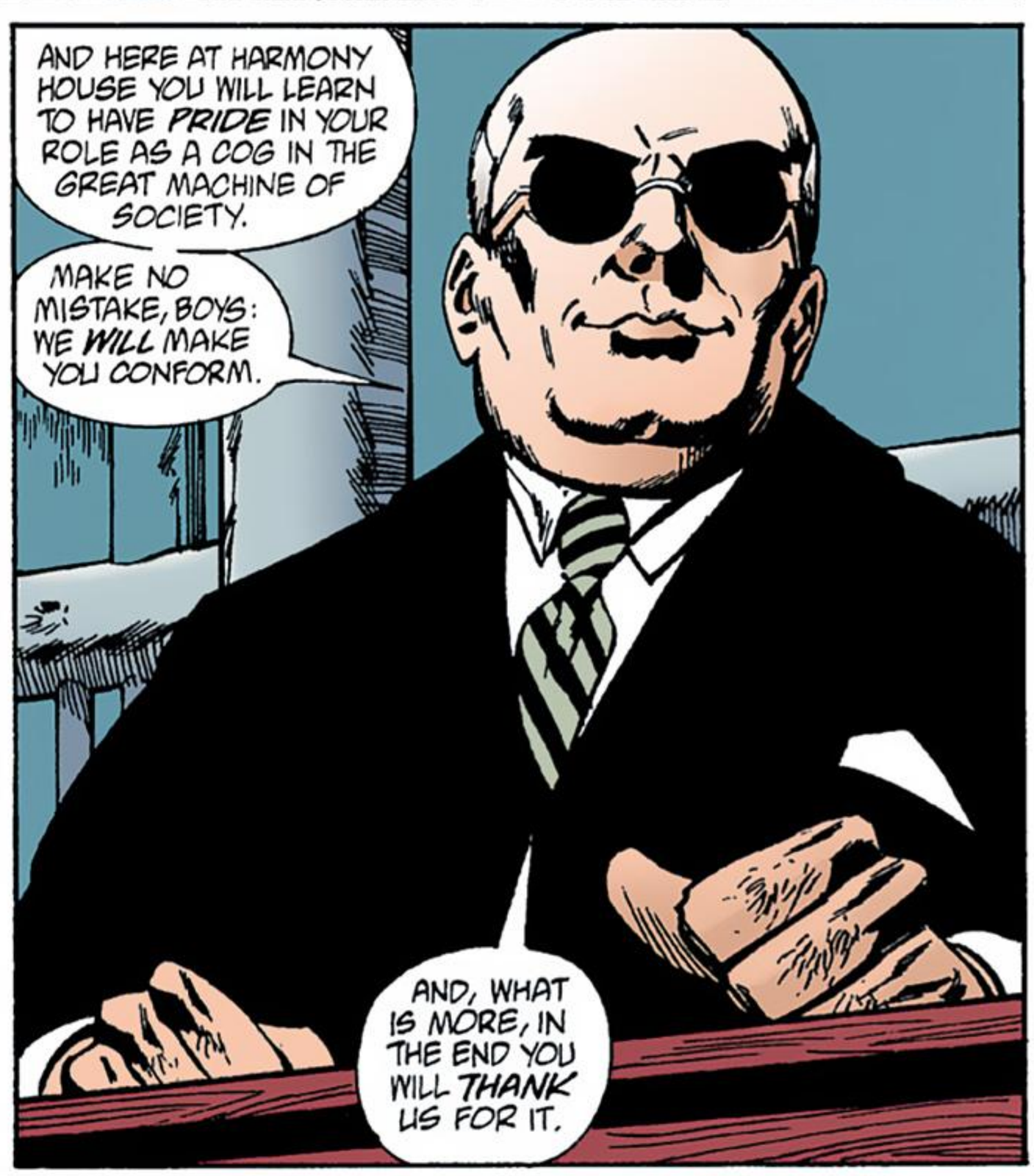

OH, YES. YOU'LL SEE.
WELCOME TO HARMONY HOUSE.
HARMONY HOUSE
CORRECTIONAL FACILITY.

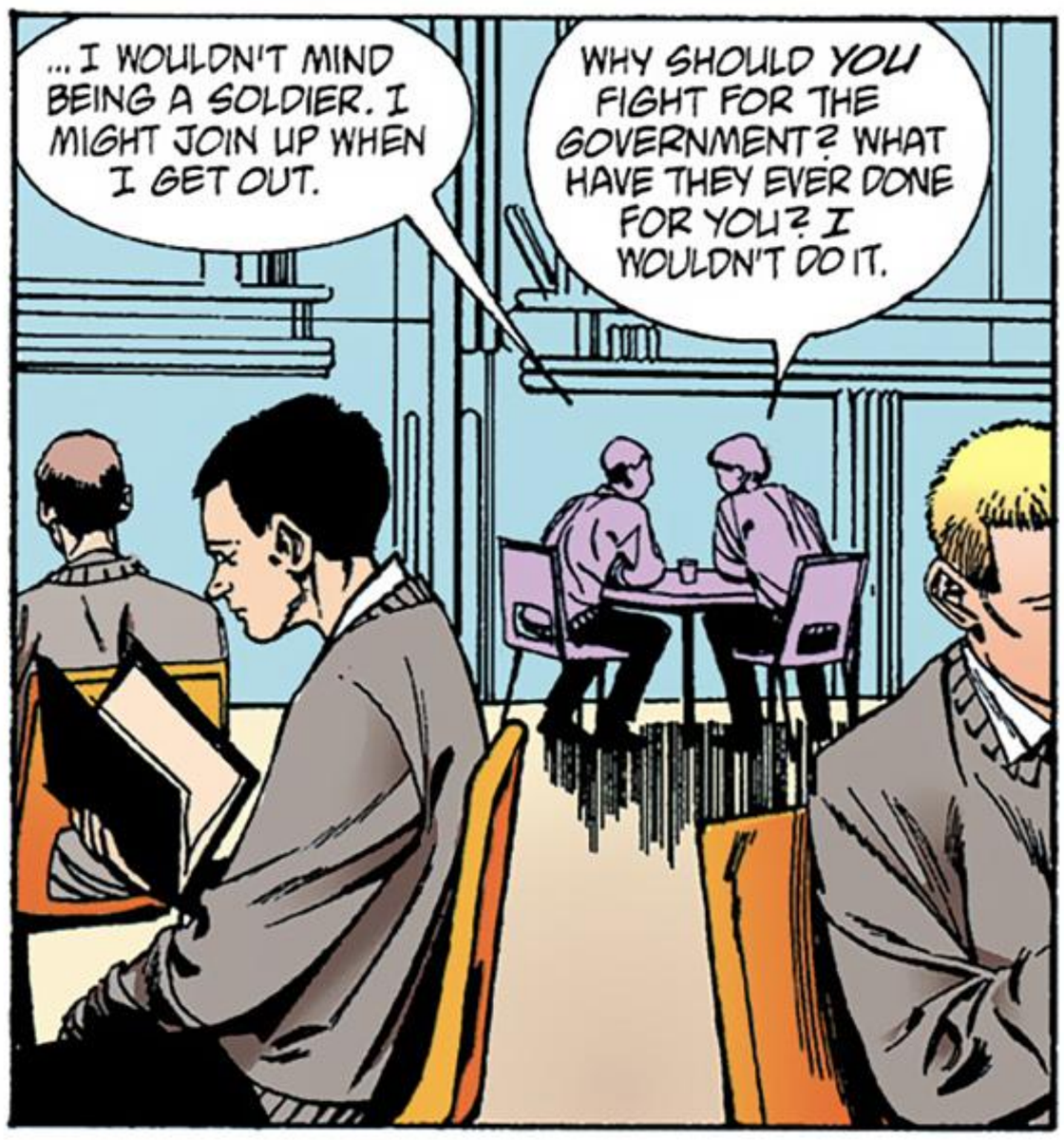

CONFORMITY.
CONFORMITY.
PEOPLE NOWADAYS SNEER AT THAT WORD, BOYS. THE TALK IS ALL OF INDIVIDUALISM AND SELF-RELIANCE, BUT WHAT HAS THIS GLORIFICATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL BROUGHT US? THE ANCIENT STRUCTURES OF LAW AND ORDER BEGIN TO CRUMBLE, WORN DOWN BY A RISING TIDE OF ANARCHY AND VIOLENCE.

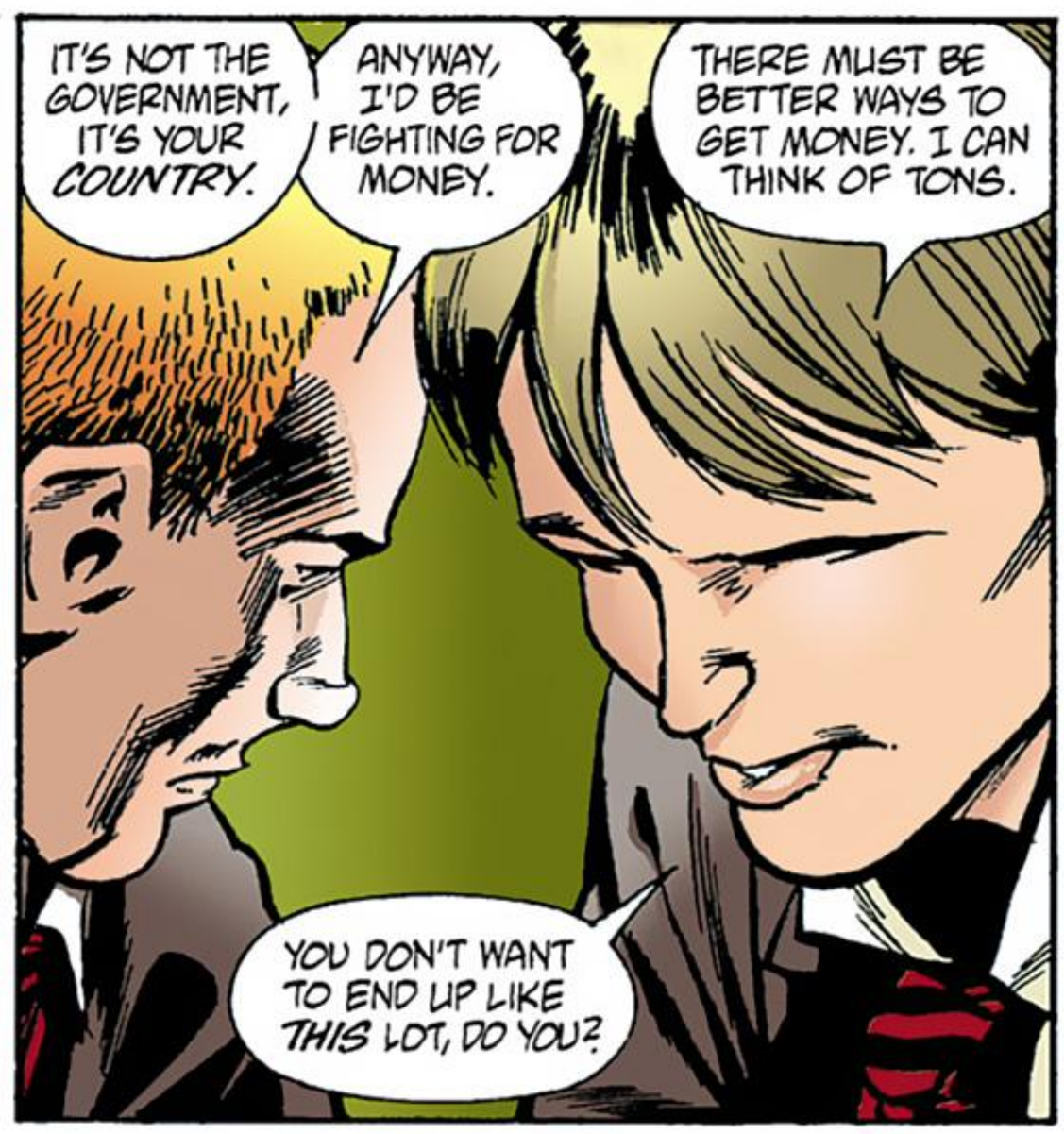

WE ARE HERE TO TEACH YOU HOW TO PUT THE NEEDS OF OTHERS BEFORE YOUR OWN SELFISH CONCERNS.
WHEN WE HAVE FINISHED WITH YOU, YOU WILL HAVE COME TO ACCEPT AND UNDERSTAND YOUR PLACE AS PART OF THE STATUS QUO.


WE WILL BEVEL AWAY THOSE AWKWARD EDGES AND MAKE OF YOU ROUND PEGS FOR ROUND HOLES.
AND YOU WILL LEARN TO BE SOLDIERS, EH? FOR MAKE NO MISTAKE, THERE IS A WAR BEING WAGED BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL. THE FORCES OF CHAOS ARE FOREVER SEEKING WAYS TO GAIN FOOTHOLDS IN YOUNG AND IMPRESSIONABLE MINDS.

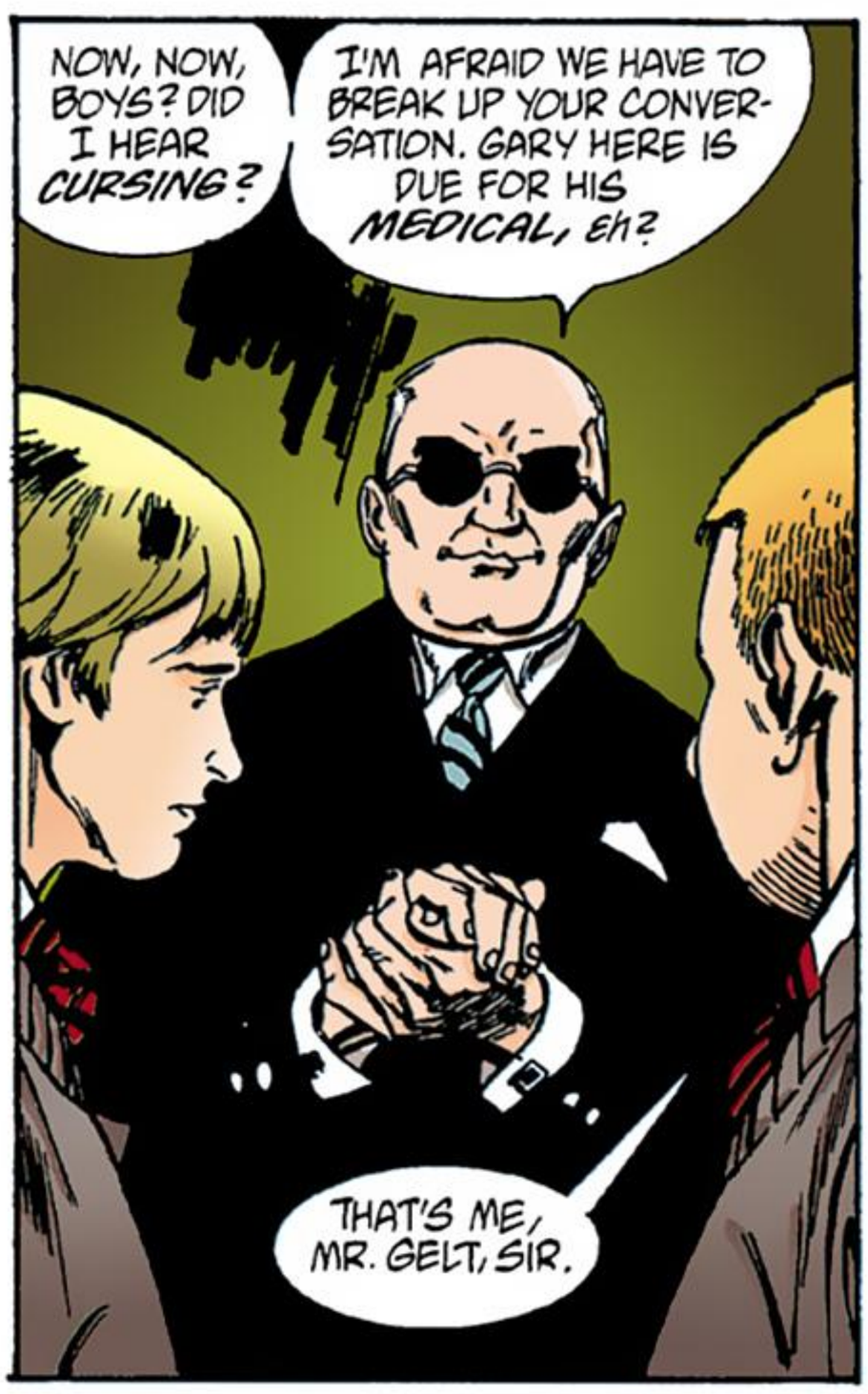

BUT FEAR NOT: WE ARE HERE TO PULL YOU OUT OF THE SHADOWS, BOYS.
WE ARE HERE TO MAKE YOU MARCH IN STEP.


AND HERE AT HARMONY HOUSE YOU WILL LEARN TO HAVE PRIDE IN YOUR ROLE AS A COG IN THE GREAT MACHINE OF SOCIETY.
MAKE NO MISTAKE, BOYS: WE WILL MAKE YOU CONFORM.
AND, WHAT IS MORE, IN THE END YOU WILL THANK US FOR IT.

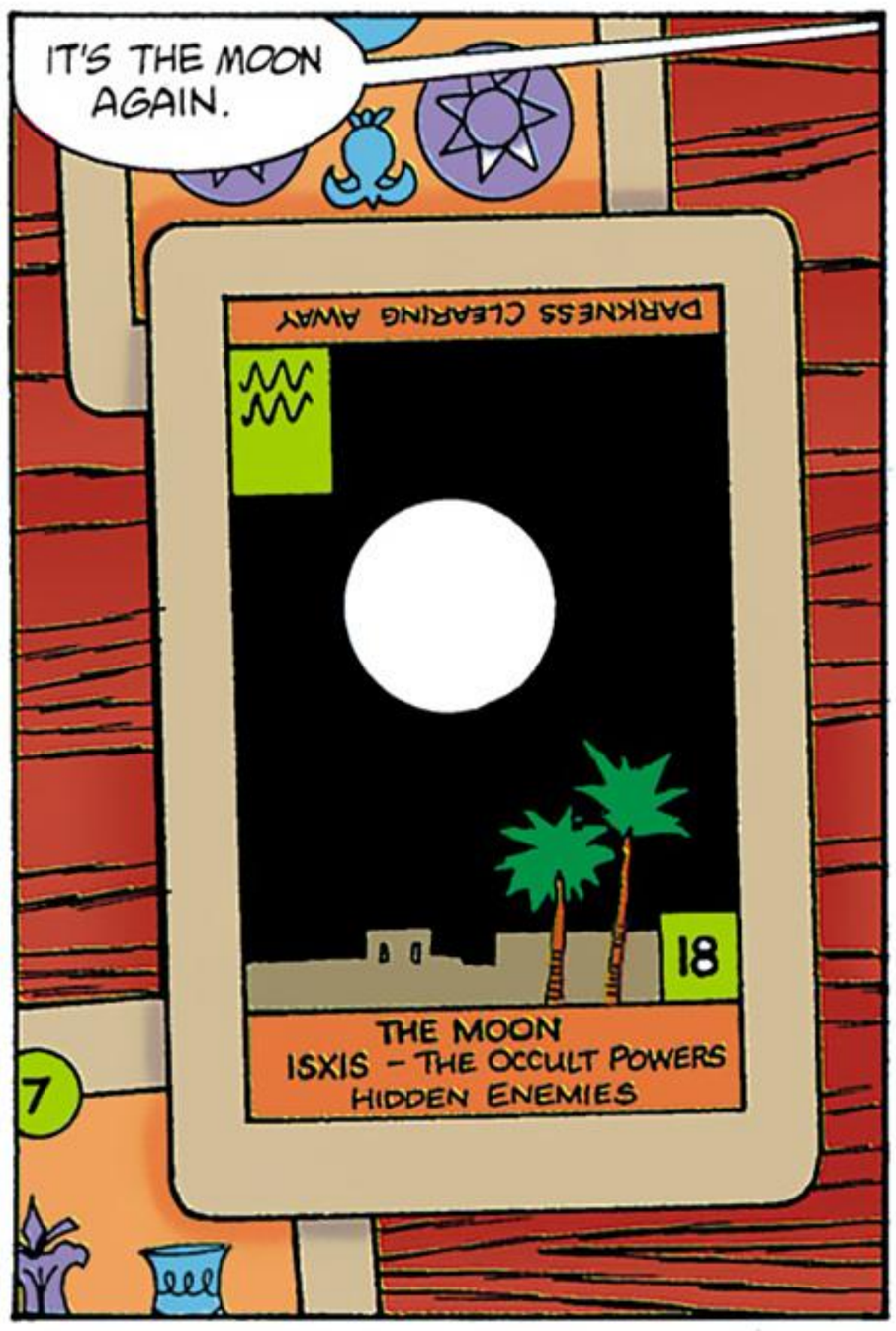

...I WOULDN'T MIND BEING A SOLDIER. I MIGHT JOIN UP WHEN I GET OUT.
WHY SHOULD YOU FIGHT FOR THE GOVERNMENT? WHAT HAVE THEY EVER DONE FOR YOU? I WOULDN'T DO IT.

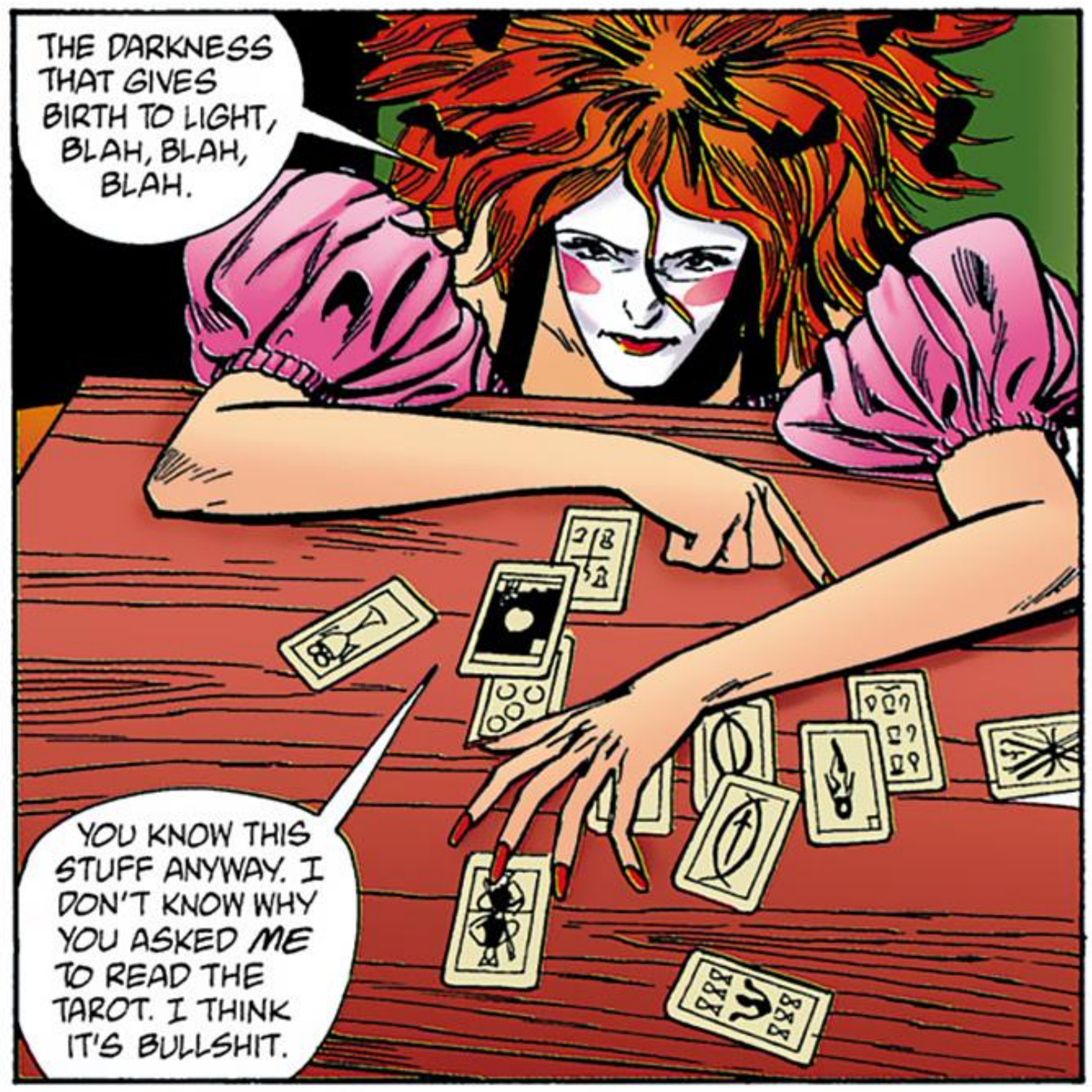

IT'S NOT THE GOVERNMENT, IT'S YOUR COUNTRY.
ANYWAY, I'D BE FIGHTING FOR MONEY.
THERE MUST BE BETTER WAYS TO GET MONEY. I CAN THINK OF TONS.
YOU DON'T WANT TO END UP LIKE THIS LOT, DO YOU?

THEY JUST SIT THERE. HAVE YOU TRIED TALKING TO ANY OF THESE BASTARDS? THEY'RE LIKE FUCKING ZOMBIES, MAN.
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE FIRST CHANCE I GET.
YES
NO
NO
YES


NOW, NOW, BOYS? DID I HEAR CURSING?
I'M AFRAID WE HAVE TO BREAK UP YOUR CONVERSATION. GARY HERE IS DUE FOR HIS MEDICAL, EH?
THAT'S ME, MR. GELT, SIR.

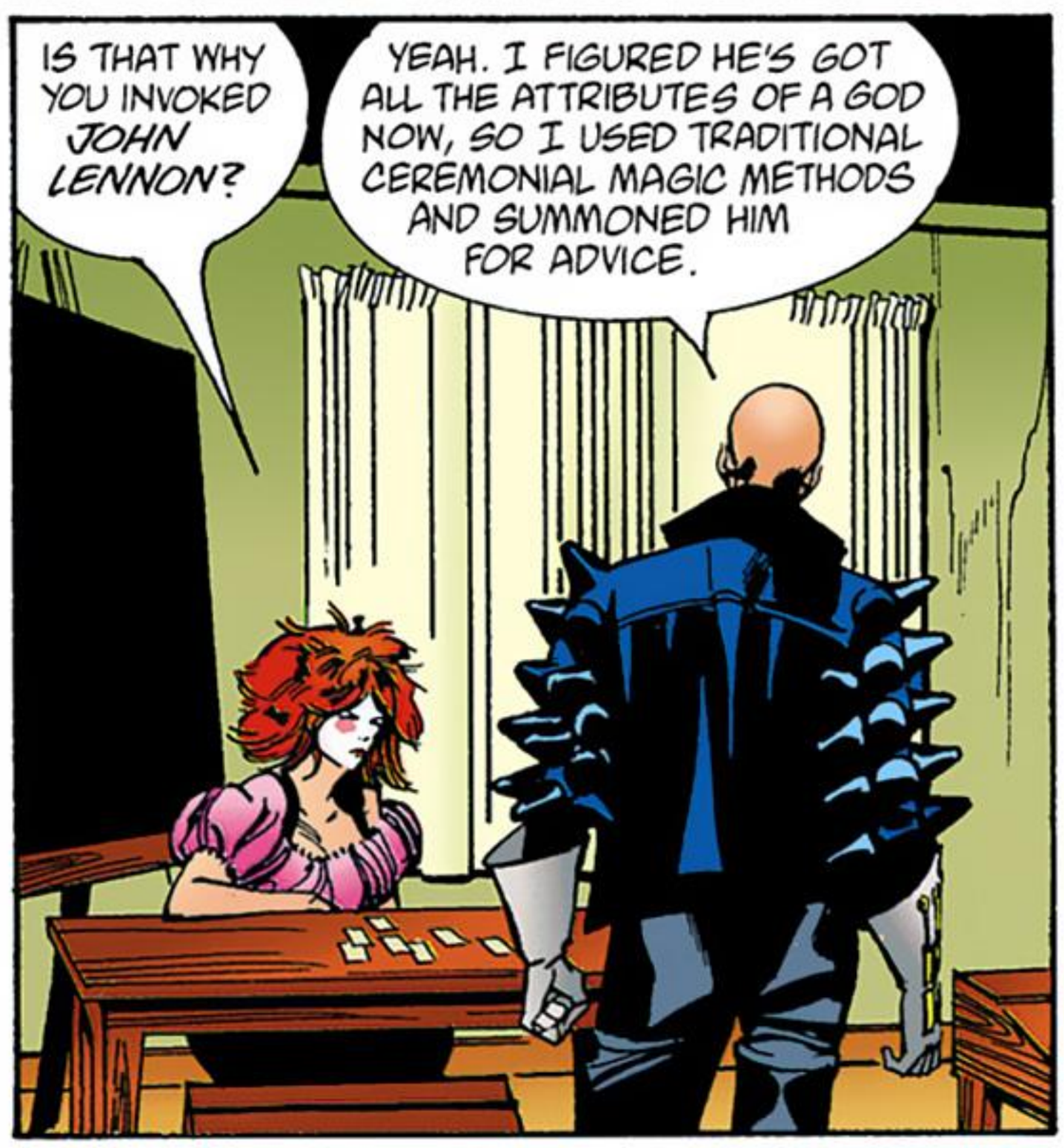
AND WHILE THAT'S GOING ON, WHY DON'T YOU AND I HAVE A BIT OF A CHAT, MASTER McGOWAN?
I LIKE TO CHAT WITH MY NEW BOYS.


IT'S THE MOON AGAIN.
DARKNESS CLEARING AWAY
18
THE MOON
ISXIS – THE OCCULT POWERS
HIDDEN ENEMIES
7


THE DARKNESS THAT GIVES BIRTH TO LIGHT, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.
YOU KNOW THIS STUFF ANYWAY. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU ASKED *ME* TO READ THE TAROT. I THINK IT'S BULLSHIT.

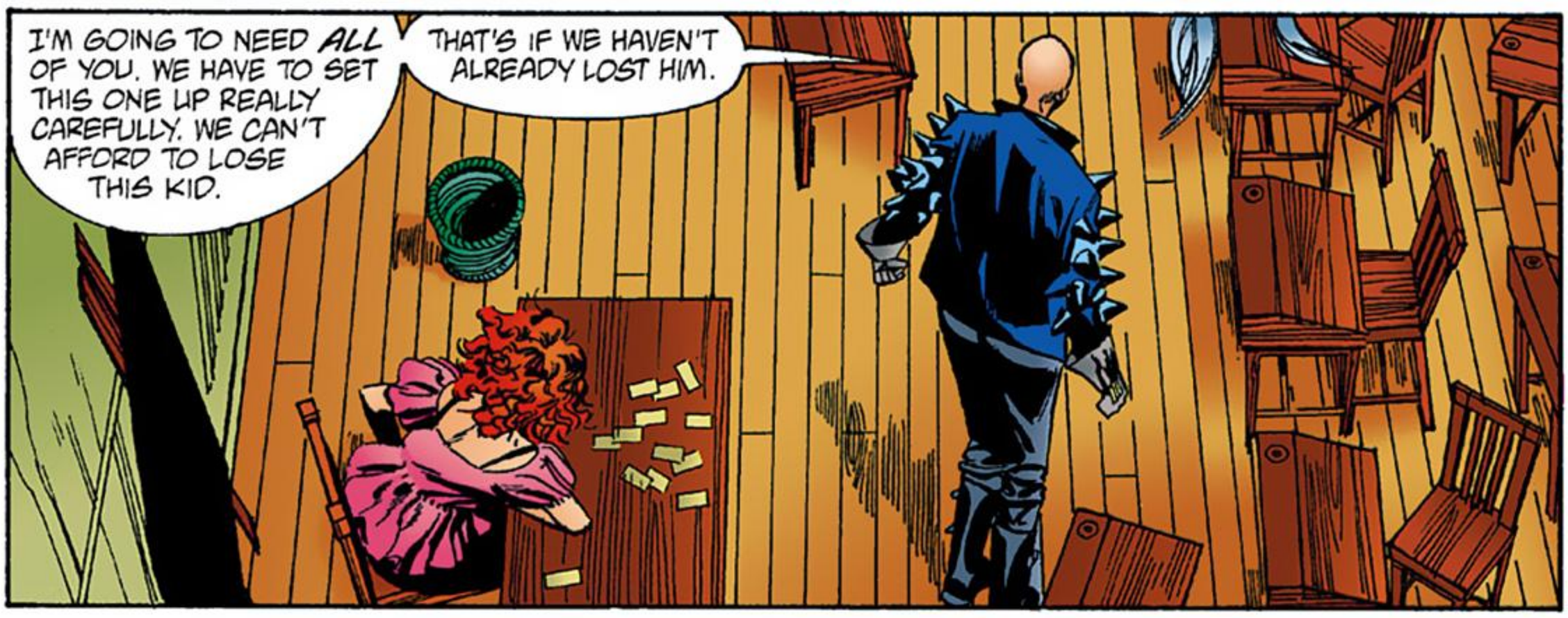
YES, MISS.
THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHY I ASKED YOU TO READ IT. THESE BEETLE SYNCHRONICITIES HAVE BEEN TURNING UP FOR THE PAST MONTH. IT'S ALL TOO PERSISTENT TO IGNORE.

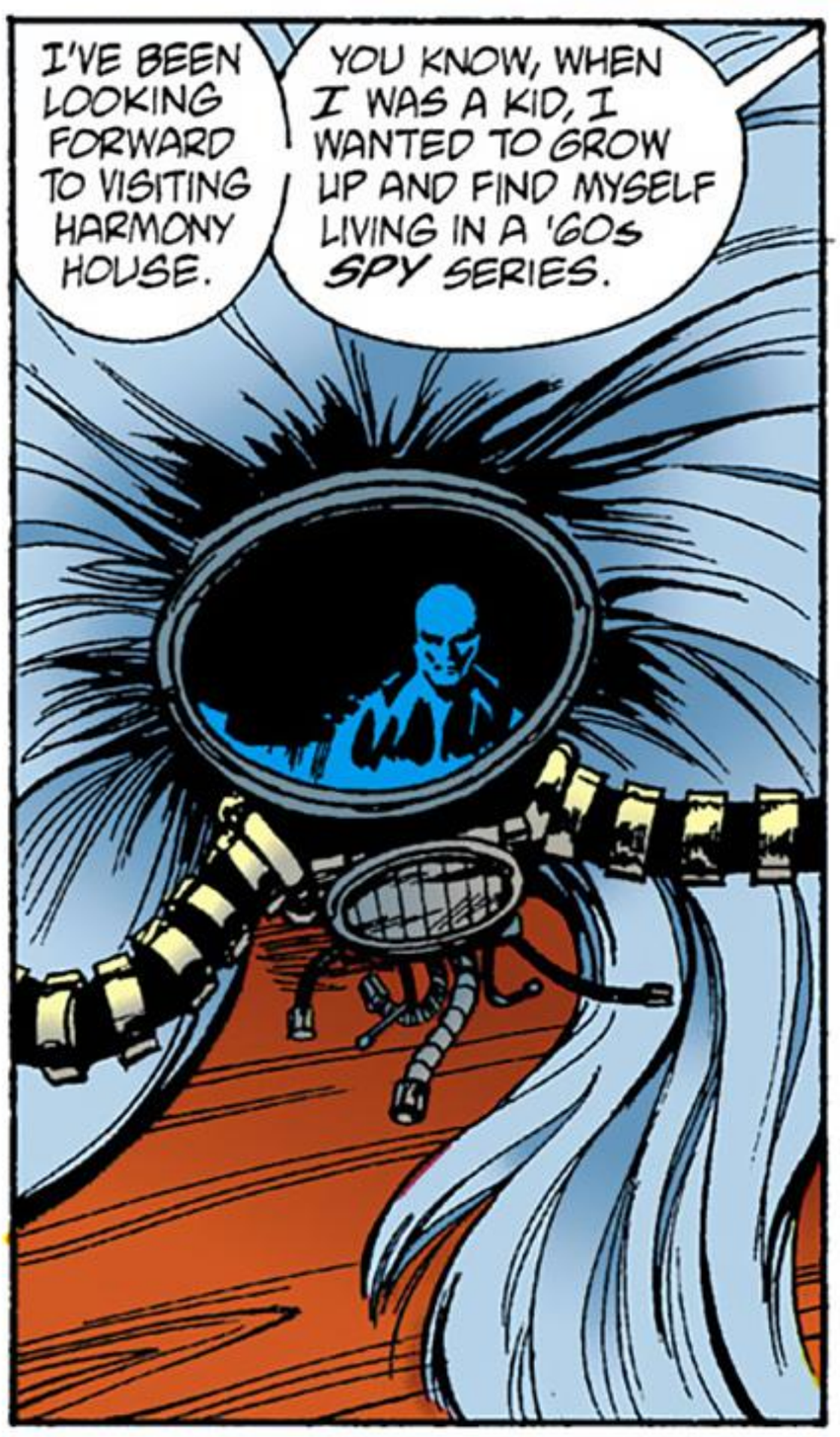
THE BEETLE'S SUPPOSED TO STAND FOR DEATH AND RESURRECTION, ISN'T IT?
TRIALS. INITIATIONS.


IS THAT WHY YOU INVOKED *JOHN LENNON*?
YEAH. I FIGURED HE'S GOT ALL THE ATTRIBUTES OF A GOD NOW, SO I USED TRADITIONAL CEREMONIAL MAGIC METHODS AND SUMMONED HIM FOR ADVICE.

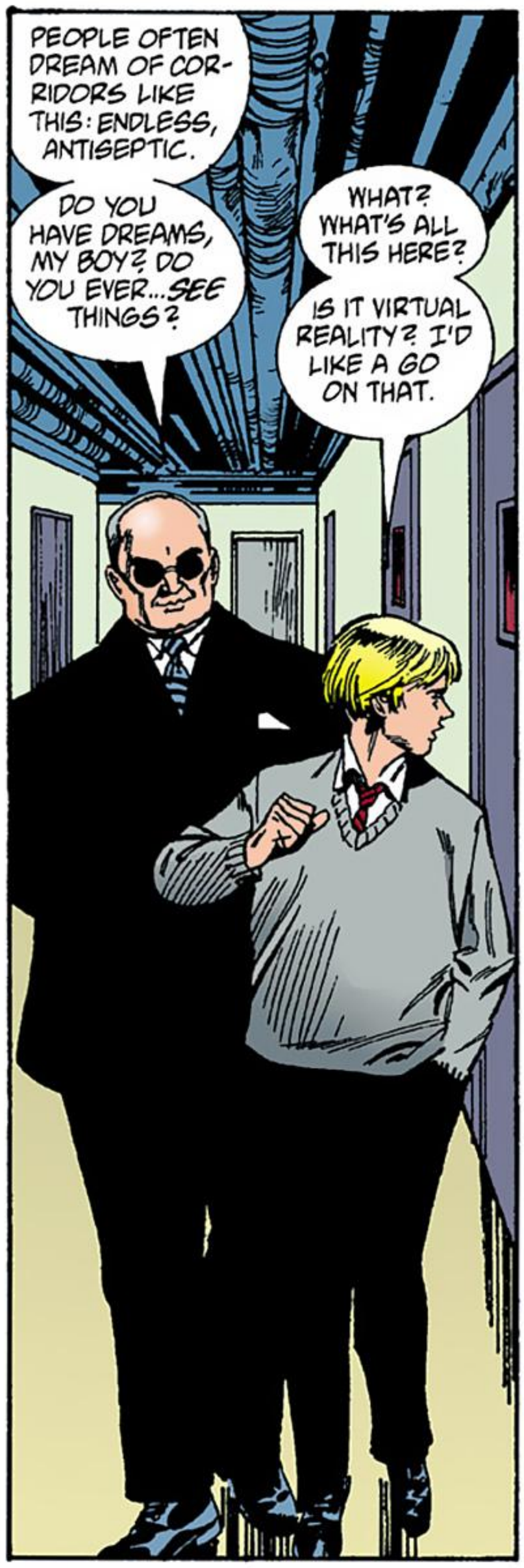
HE MORE OR LESS CONFIRMED WHAT WE THOUGHT; THE BOY'S GOING TO HAVE TO BE PUT THROUGH THE MILL, POOR BASTARD.
LENNON GAVE ME THE METHOD. WE GOT ON QUITE WELL, ACTUALLY. I LIKE THE IDEA OF A PSYCHEDELIC GOD.
AND THAT'S IT? YOU DIDN'T ASK HIM TO WRITE YOU A SONG OR SOMETHING?

HE JUST SUGGESTED I GIVE YOU THIS.
AN APPLE FOR THE TEACHER.
EVE MAY HAVE FALLEN FOR THAT ONE. RAGGED ROBIN'S NOT SO DUMB.
I GUESS YOU WANT ME TO CONTACT THE OTHERS NOW? BOY'S STILL IN NEW YORK. FANNY'S AT THE ACADEMY.


I'M GOING TO NEED ALL OF YOU. WE HAVE TO SET THIS ONE UP REALLY CAREFULLY. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THIS KID.
THAT'S IF WE HAVEN'T ALREADY LOST HIM.

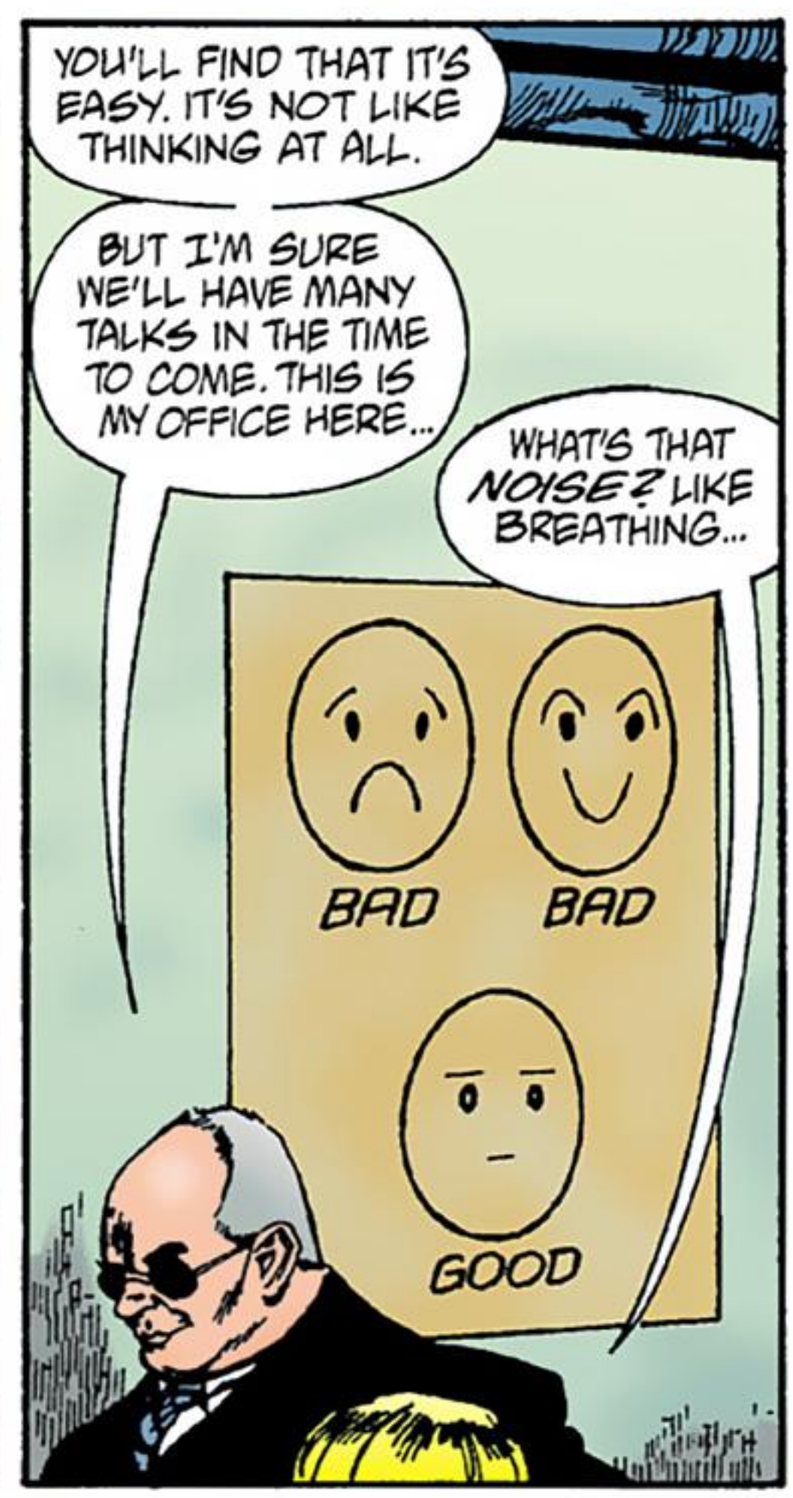

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO VISITING HARMONY HOUSE.
YOU KNOW, WHEN I WAS A KID, I WANTED TO GROW UP AND FIND MYSELF LIVING IN A '60s SPY SERIES.

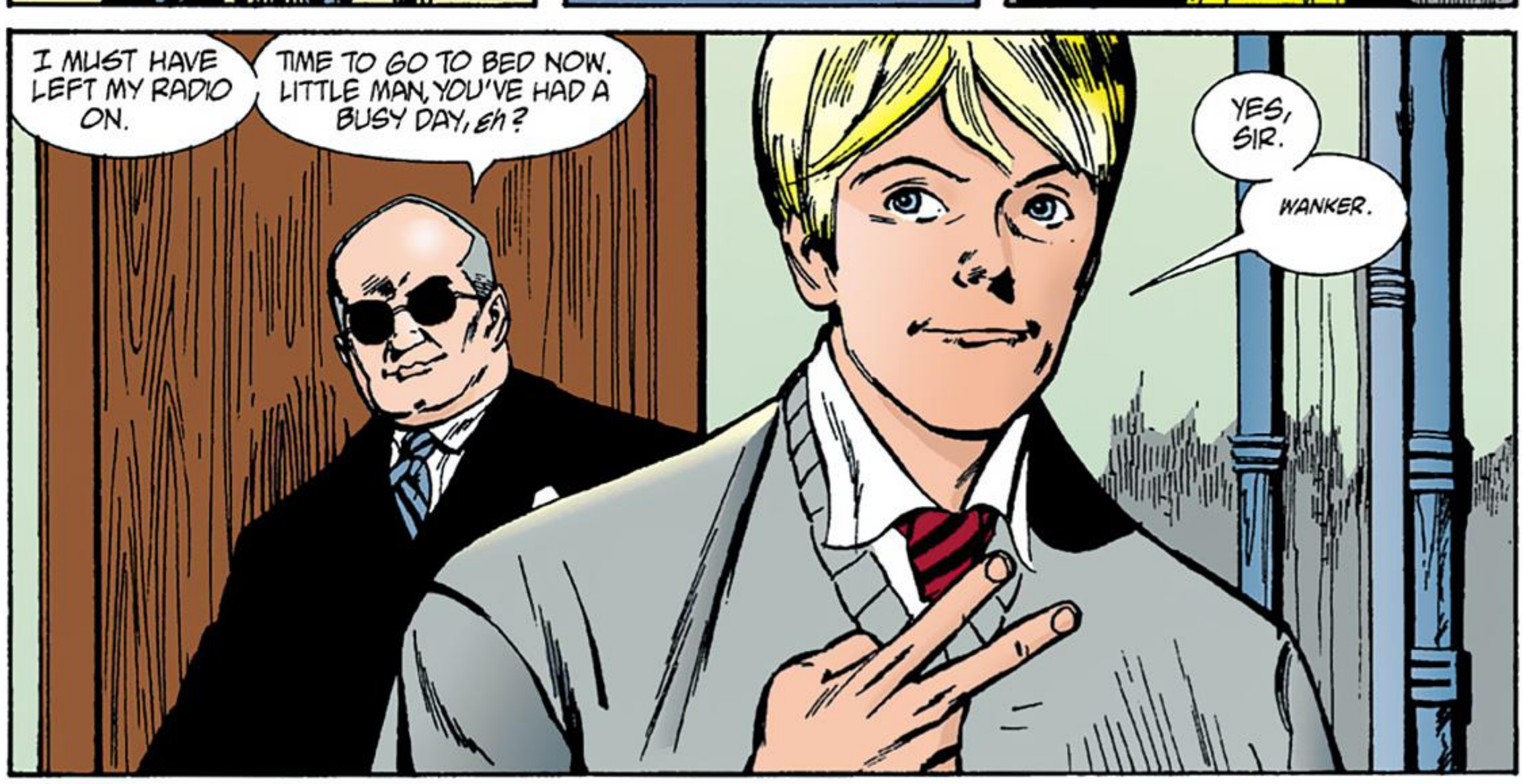
FUNNY HOW THINGS TURN OUT, ISN'T IT?

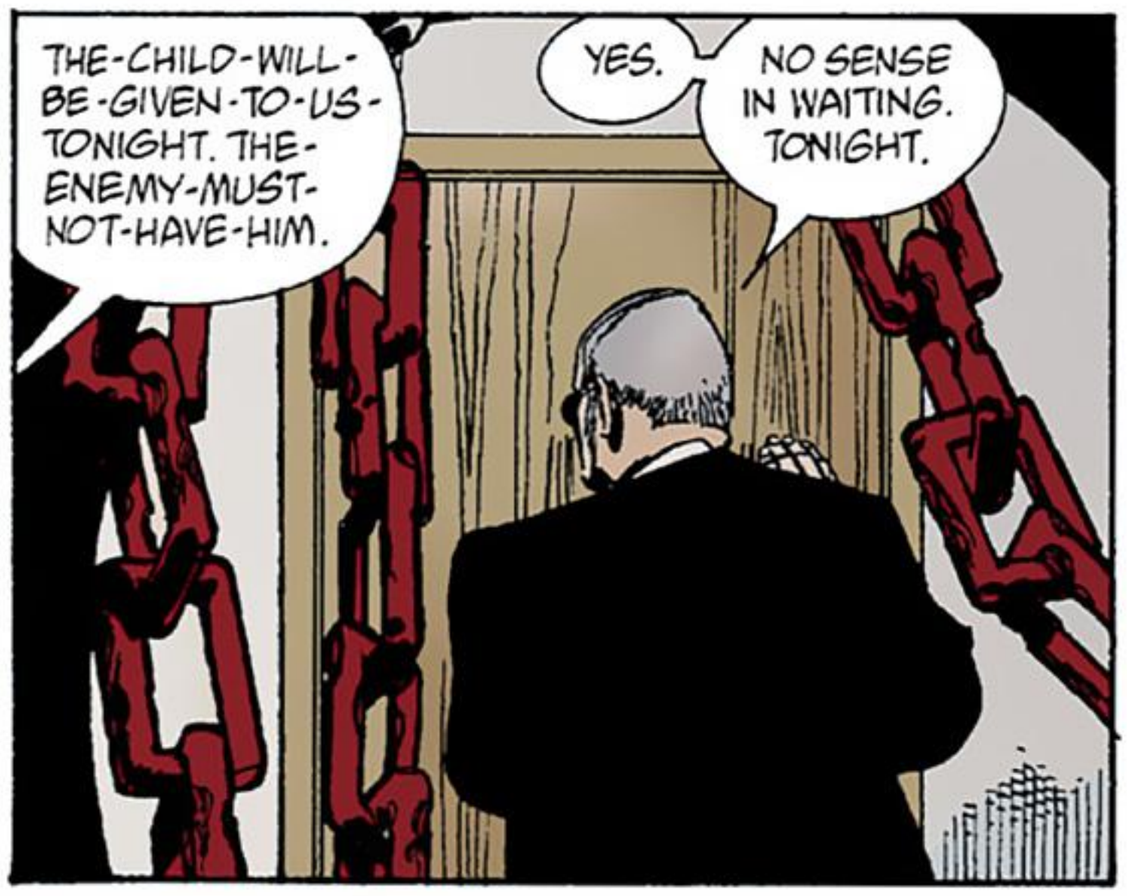

PEOPLE OFTEN DREAM OF CORRIDORS LIKE THIS: ENDLESS, ANTISEPTIC.
DO YOU HAVE DREAMS, MY BOY? DO YOU EVER...SEE THINGS?
WHAT? WHAT'S ALL THIS HERE?
IS IT VIRTUAL REALITY? I'D LIKE A GO ON THAT.

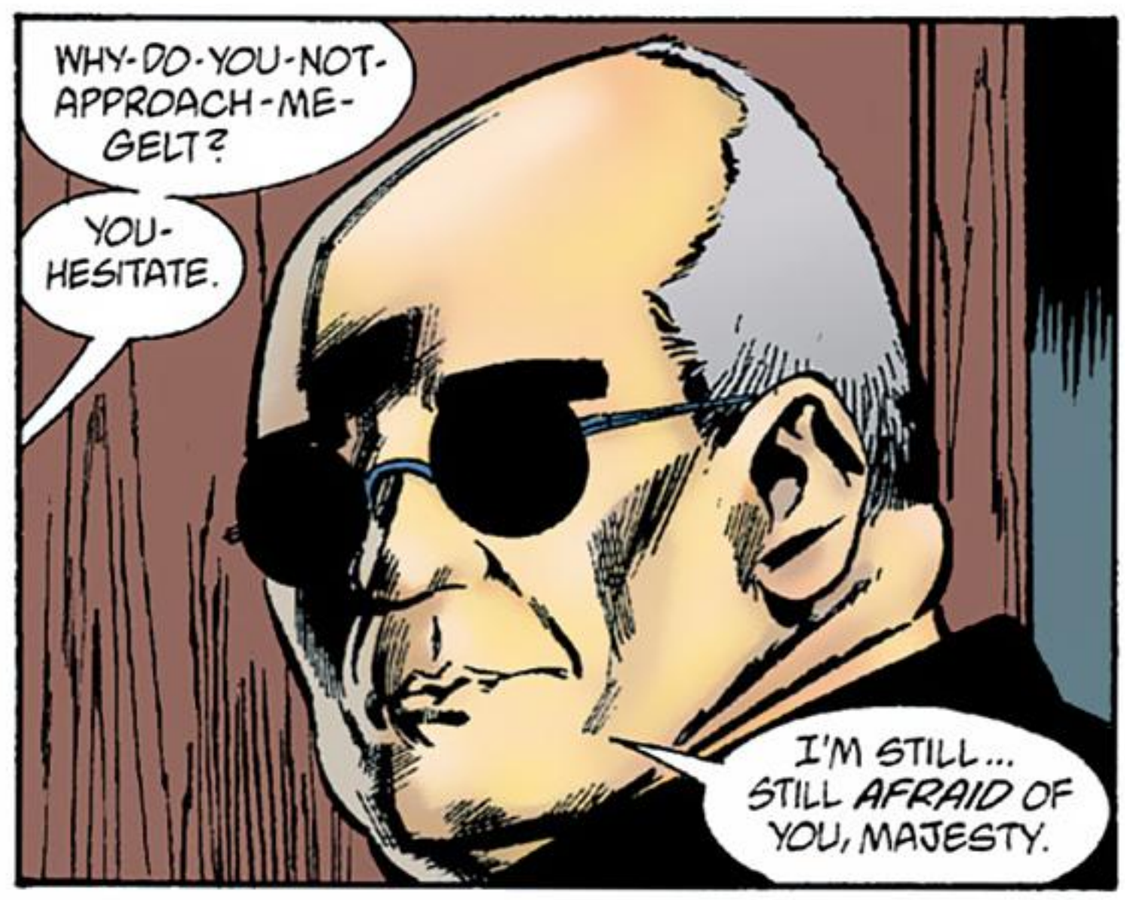
VIRTUAL REALITY? YES.
ALL IN GOOD TIME. ALL IN GOOD TIME.

MIDDLE-CLASS LIBERALS WHINE ABOUT THE FREEDOM OF THE INDIVIDUAL, BUT WOULD THEY WANT LITTLE THUGS LIKE YOU LIVING NEXT DOOR? OF COURSE NOT. EVEN YOUR OWN PARENTS DON'T WANT YOU. THAT'S WHY THEY PREFER TO IGNORE HARMONY HOUSE.
HERE WE GIVE YOU A DIFFERENT KIND OF FREEDOM: THE FREEDOM TO THINK AND TO LIVE IN A NEW WAY.


YOU'LL FIND THAT IT'S EASY. IT'S NOT LIKE THINKING AT ALL.
BUT I'M SURE WE'LL HAVE MANY TALKS IN THE TIME TO COME. THIS IS MY OFFICE HERE...
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? LIKE BREATHING...
BAD
BAD
GOOD


I MUST HAVE LEFT MY RADIO ON.
TIME TO GO TO BED NOW. LITTLE MAN, YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY, eh?
YES, SIR.
WANKER.


THE-CHILD-WILL-BE-GIVEN-TO-US-TONIGHT. THE-ENEMY-MUST-NOT-HAVE-HIM.
YES.
NO SENSE IN WAITING. TONIGHT.


WHY-DO-YOU-NOT-APPROACH-ME-GELT?
YOU-HESITATE.
I'M STILL... STILL AFRAID OF YOU, MAJESTY.

FEAR-IS-GOOD. I-AM-THE-KING-IN-CHAINS-UNBORN-AND-BARREN. FEAR-WALKS-AT-MY-LEFT-HAND.
UNVEIL-YOURSELF.

DID-I-NOT-GIVE-YOU-NEW-EYES-TO-SEE? DID-I-NOT-TAKE-YOUR-SIN-AWAY-AND LEAVE-THAT-BEAUTIFUL-RUIN-BETWEEN-YOUR-LEGS?

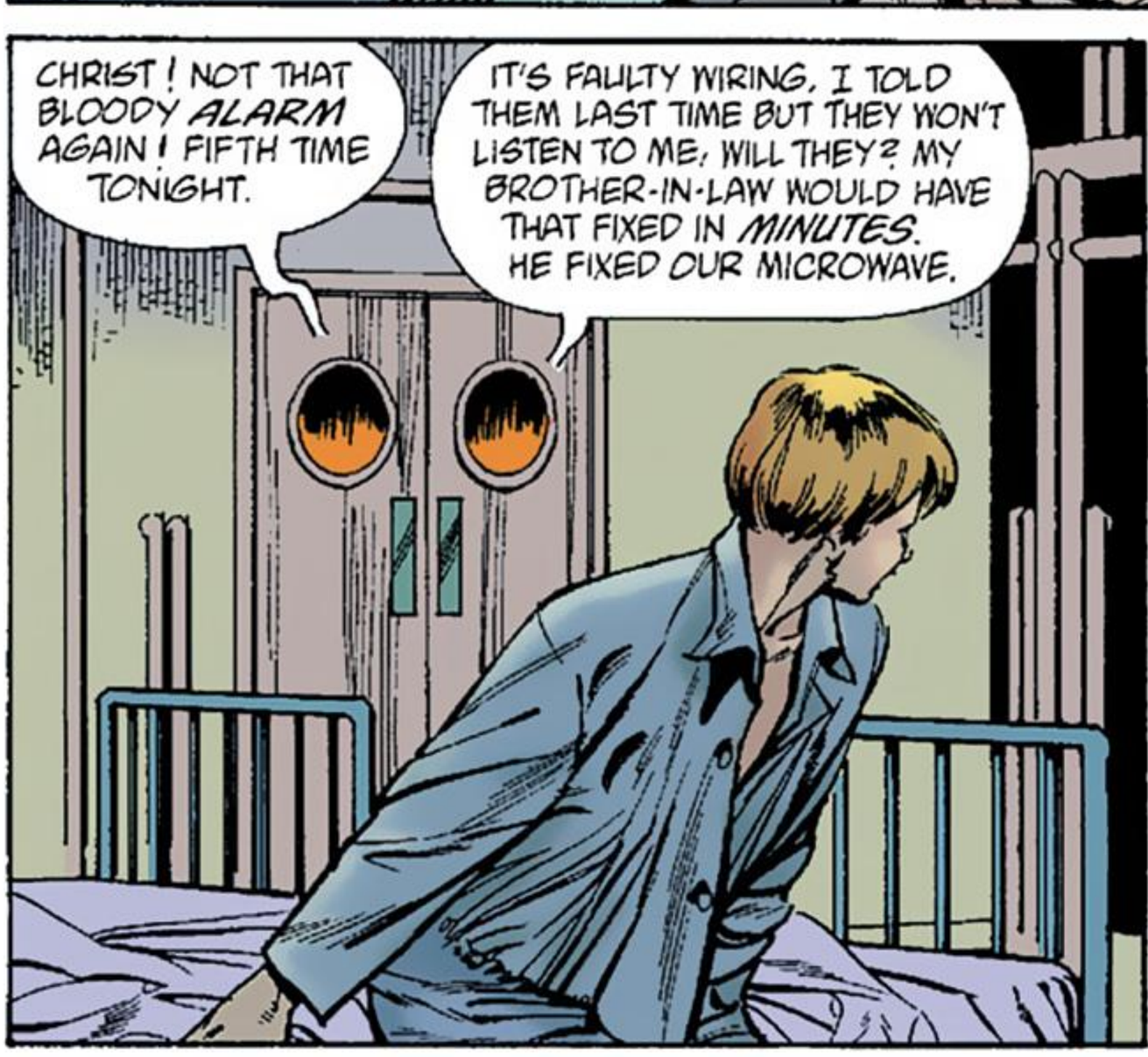
OH YES.
THEN-COME.
KNEEL.

LICK-THE-FILTH-FROM-MY-FINGERS. THIS-BENEDICTION.
NUHHHM UNNH
MY-GOOD-AND-FAITHFUL-SERVANT.

panic behind
raw peeled walls of somewhere
footsteps
clatter clatter
enamel tiles
bone rattle of his eyes opening
scared

so scared.
fused lights
run
run run
out
his shadow bomb siren rising

siren sounding
AAHH!
SHIT.


CHRIST! NOT THAT BLOODY ALARM AGAIN! FIFTH TIME TONIGHT.
IT'S FAULTY WIRING. I TOLD THEM LAST TIME BUT THEY WON'T LISTEN TO ME, WILL THEY? MY BROTHER-IN-LAW WOULD HAVE THAT FIXED IN MINUTES. HE FIXED OUR MICROWAVE.

WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE TO PICK UP ONCE WE'VE DUMPED THIS LITTLE BASTARD, HAVEN'T WE?
YEAH.

LET'S GET THIS ONE'S BED SORTED BEFORE WE BOTHER WITH THE OTHER ONE.
CHRIST! THAT SIREN'S DOING MY HEAD IN.

GAZ?

GAZ? YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?
GOOD.
WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, GAZ!
BAD.

CHRIST.
WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?
GOOD.

JESUS.

SEE NOW WHAT REMAINS OF A BOY WHEN OUR WORK IS DONE.

SHIT.

WE HAVE MUMMIFIED THE *LIVING* HERE.
REMOVED ALL THEIR ANGER AND FRUSTRATION, ALL THEIR FEELINGS; LEFT THEM HOLLOW AND DRY, READY TO BE RETURNED TO THE WORLD.
UNLIVING. UNDEAD ACCEPTING OF THINGS.

WAAAUUUU

I WASN'T DOING ANYTHING. HONEST.
IT WAS ALL THAT NOISE WOKE ME UP.
UUUU
AAAUUUU
IT'S NOT GOOD TO WAKE UP. BEST SLEEP.

HERE WE MAKE LITTLE SOLDIERS, EMPTY HEADS, MARCHING TO A COMMON BEAT. LIVING, GROWING OLD, DYING IN OUR SERVICE.
HERE. COME HERE, BOY. GOOD BOY, NOT BAD. NOT ANYMORE.

TWO THINGS WE WILL MAKE YOU; SMOOTH BETWEEN THE LEGS, SMOOTH BETWEEN THE EARS. AND WHAT WE TAKE FROM YOU, WILL FEED THE KINGS OF THIS EARTH.
GOOD...

AHH

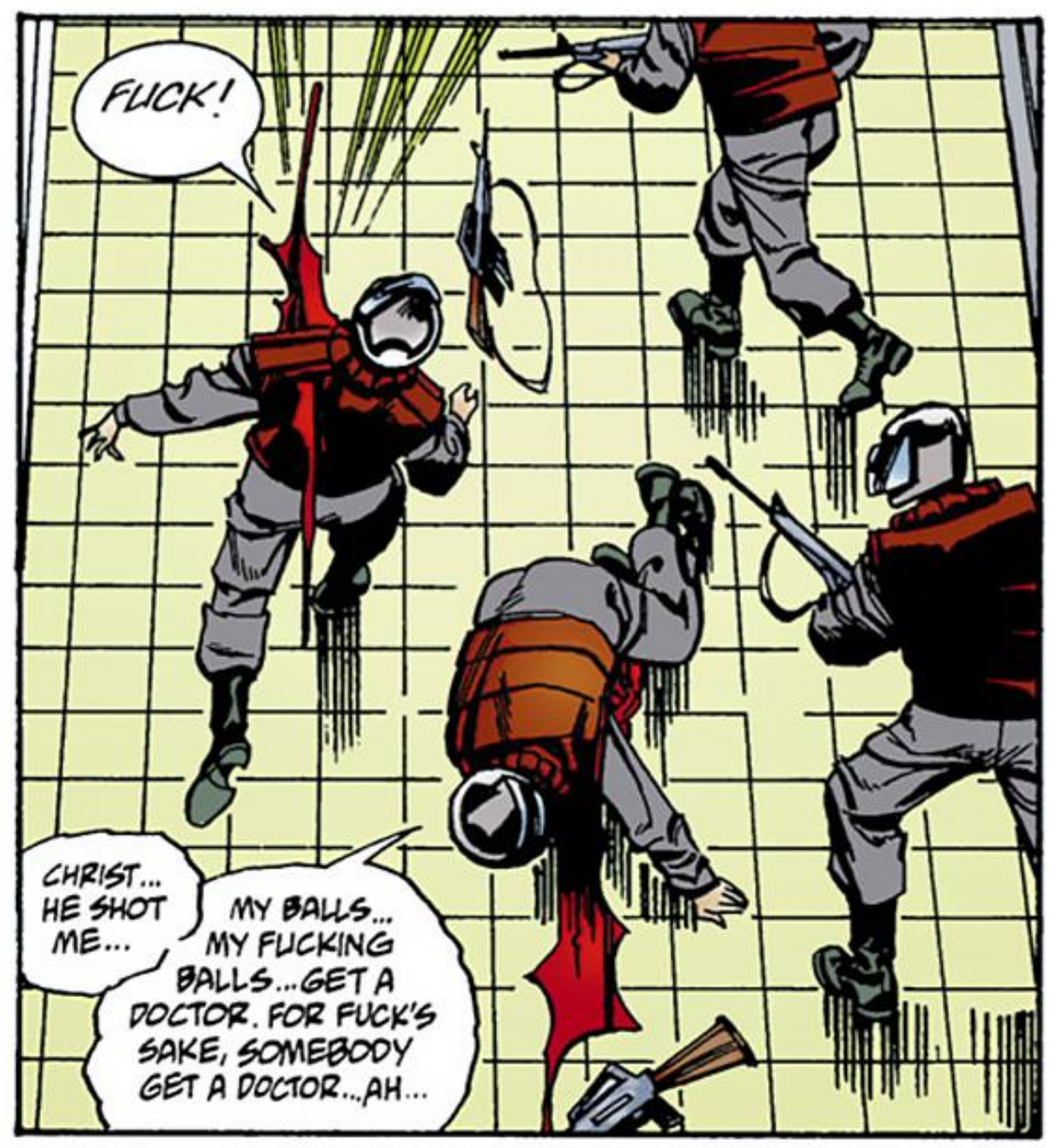
FEED ON THIS, FATBOY!
KKUH!

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?
I'M YOUR FAIRY GODMOTHER. WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE?
STAY BEHIND ME. WE'RE MOVING OUT.

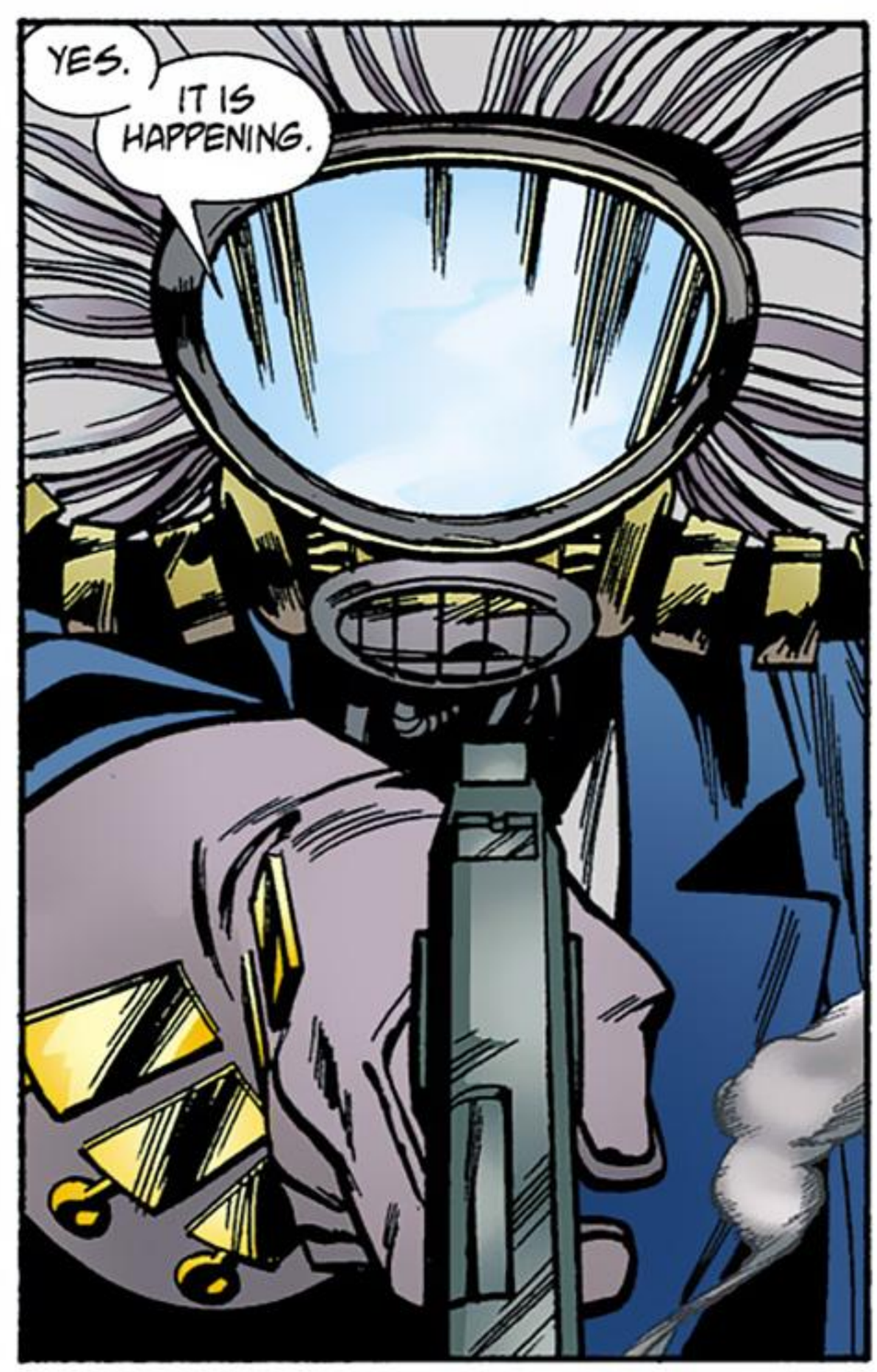
THERE!
HE'S IN THERE!
WE'VE GOT THE BASTARD! IF HE'S...

SHIT!

EEEYAA

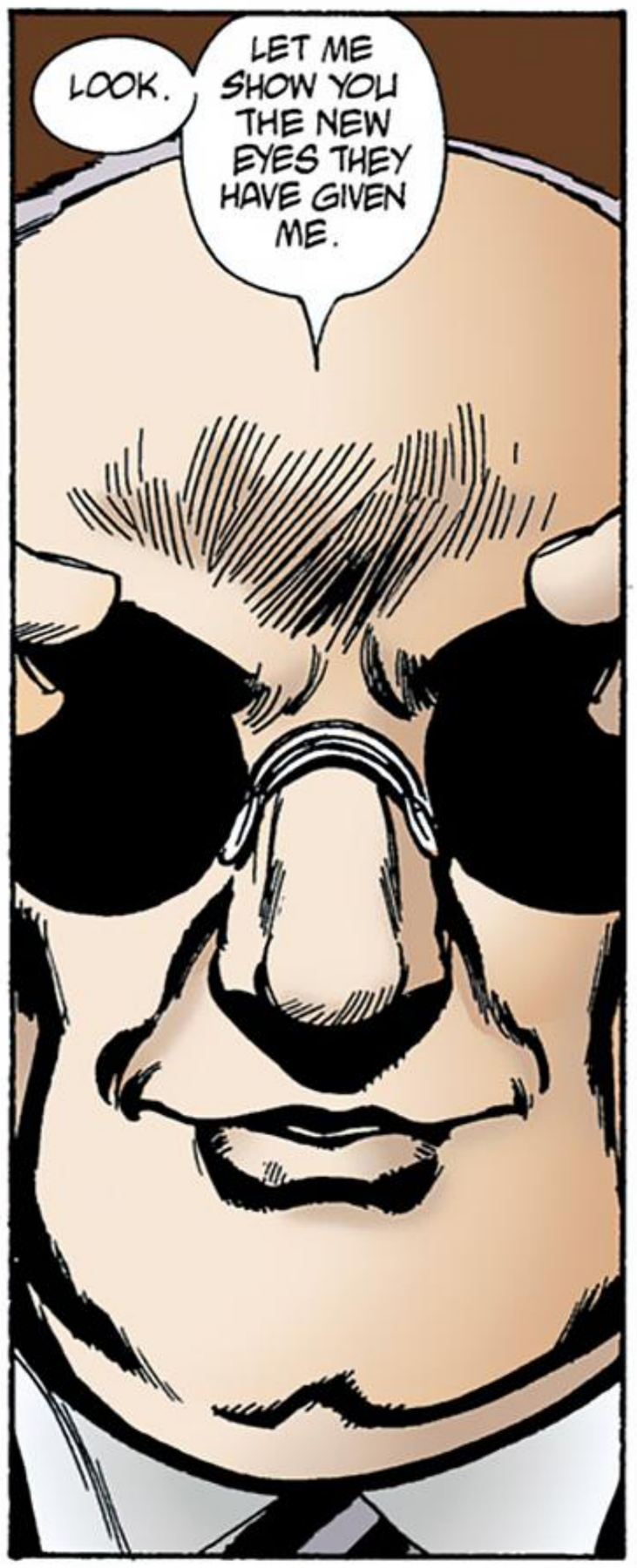

FUCK!
CHRIST... HE SHOT ME...
MY BALLS... MY FUCKING BALLS...GET A DOCTOR. FOR FUCK'S SAKE, SOMEBODY GET A DOCTOR...AH...

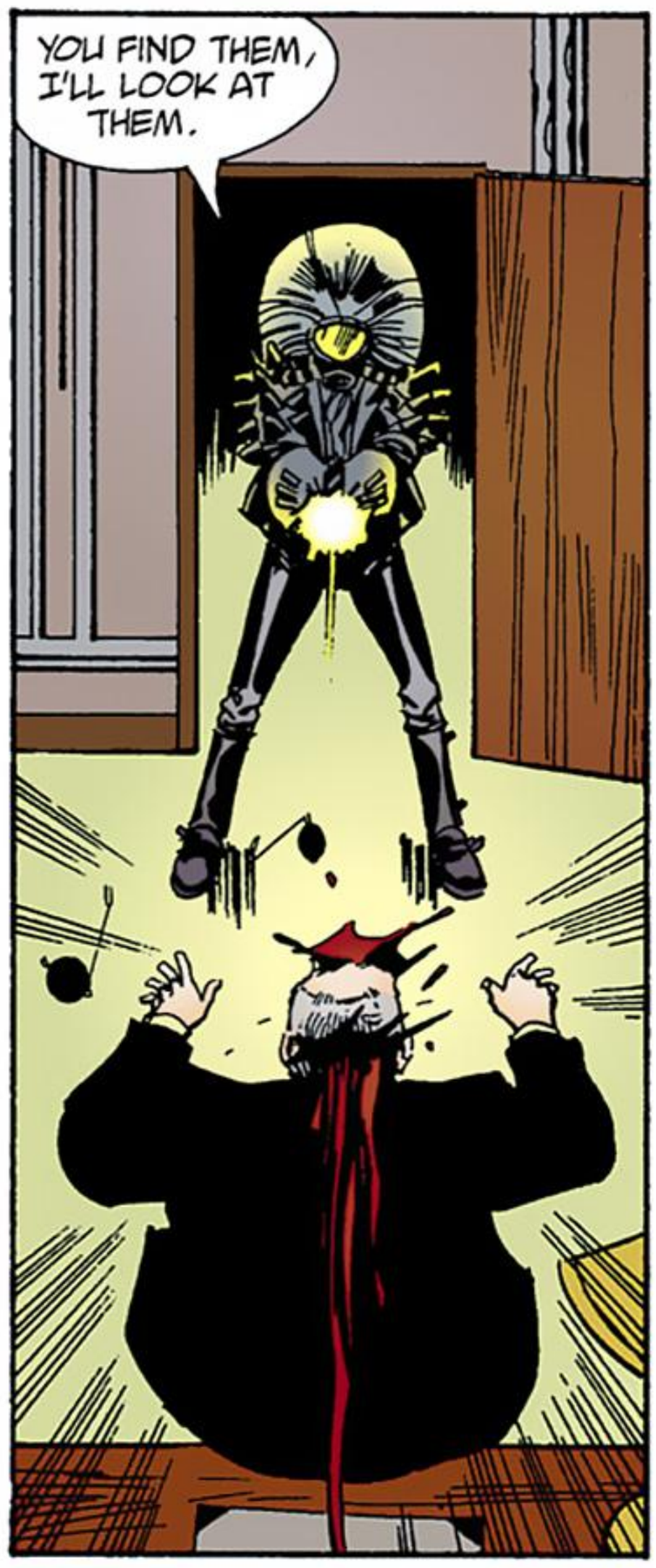
...I CAN'T SEE...NNN... I CAN'T FUCKING SEE ...WHAT'S HE DONE TO MY FACE...IS IT BAD...
NNF...FUCK... THIS ISN'T HAPPENING...

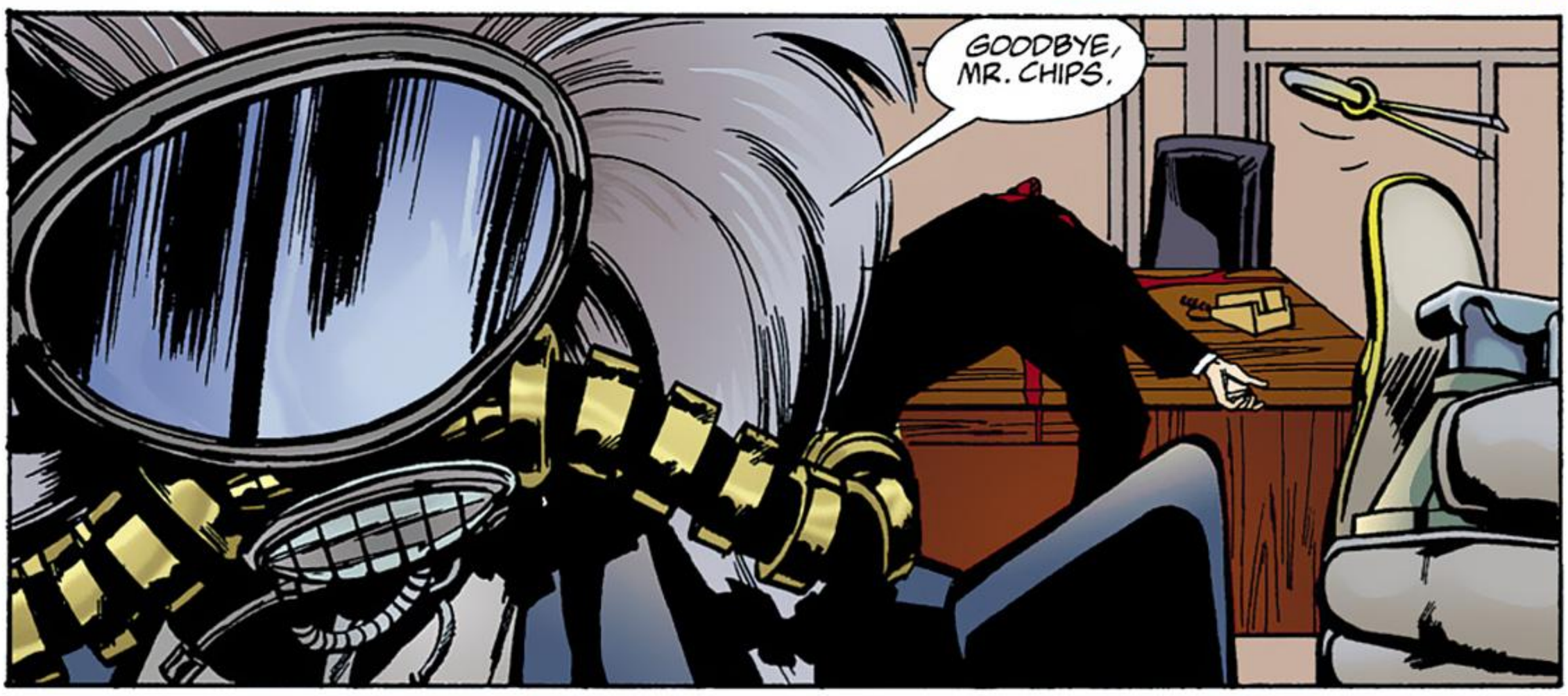

YES.
IT IS HAPPENING.

GELT!

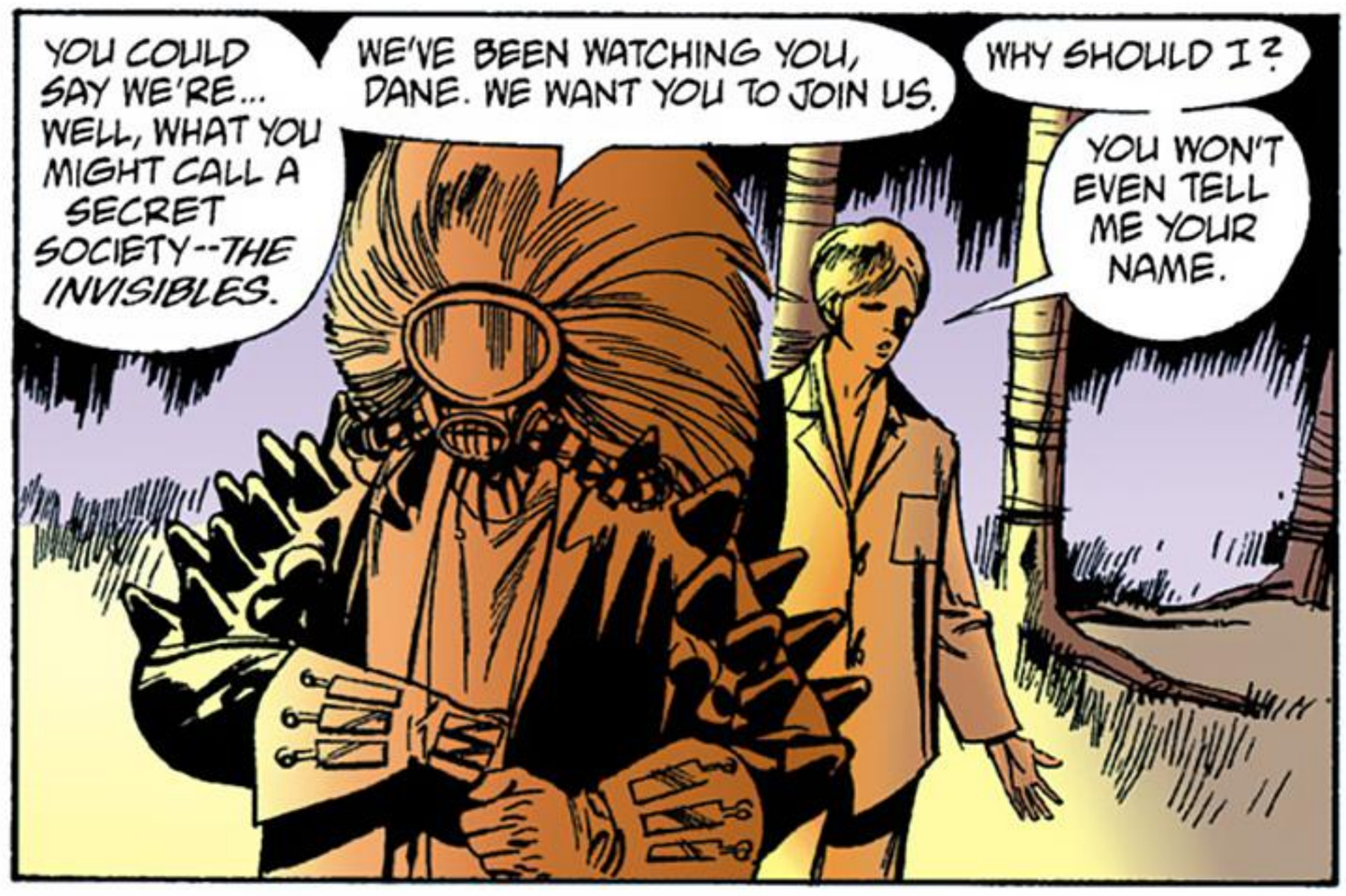
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, HEADMASTER?
AH, YES, THE USUAL PATHETIC SHOW OF BRAVADO. DON'T YOU KNOW THIS FACILITY IS ONLY ONE OF DOZENS?
"INVISIBLES"! SOON YOU WILL BEG US TO TEACH YOU THE MYSTERIES OF SUBMISSION.

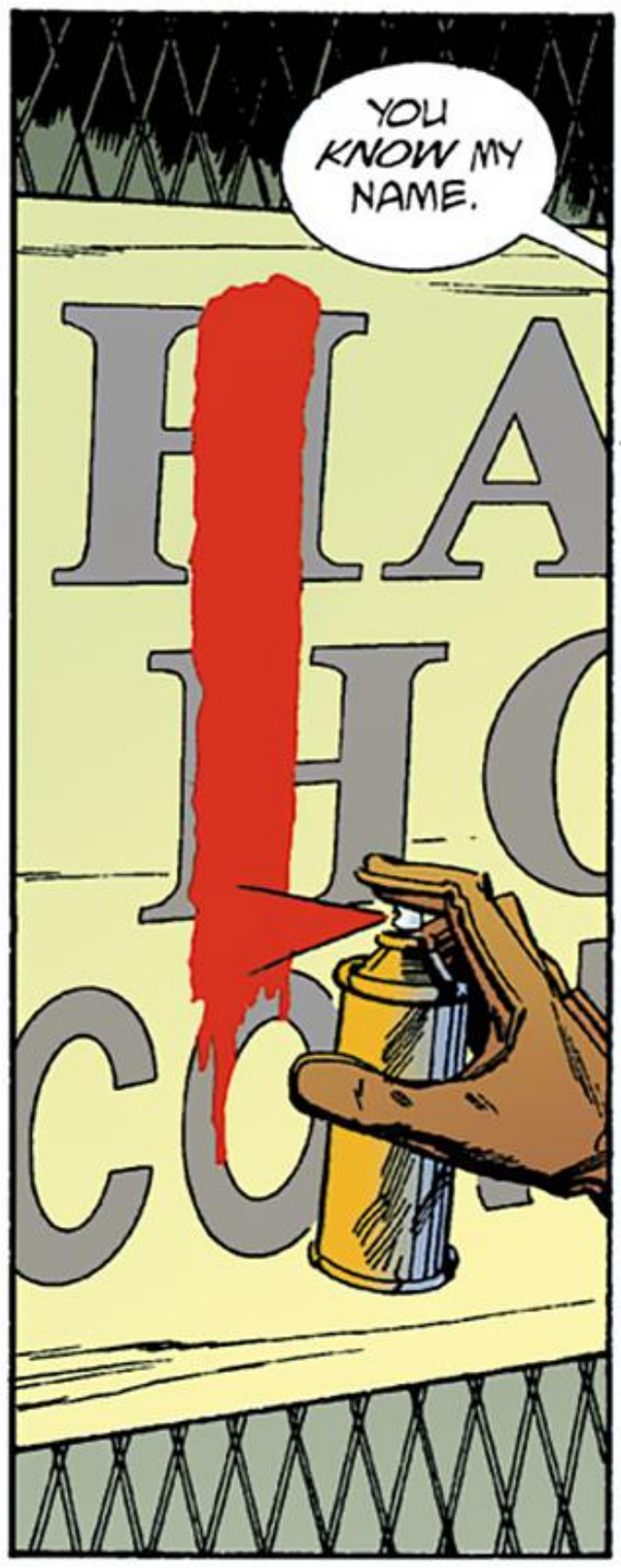

LOOK.
LET ME SHOW YOU THE NEW EYES THEY HAVE GIVEN ME.


YOU FIND THEM, I'LL LOOK AT THEM.


GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

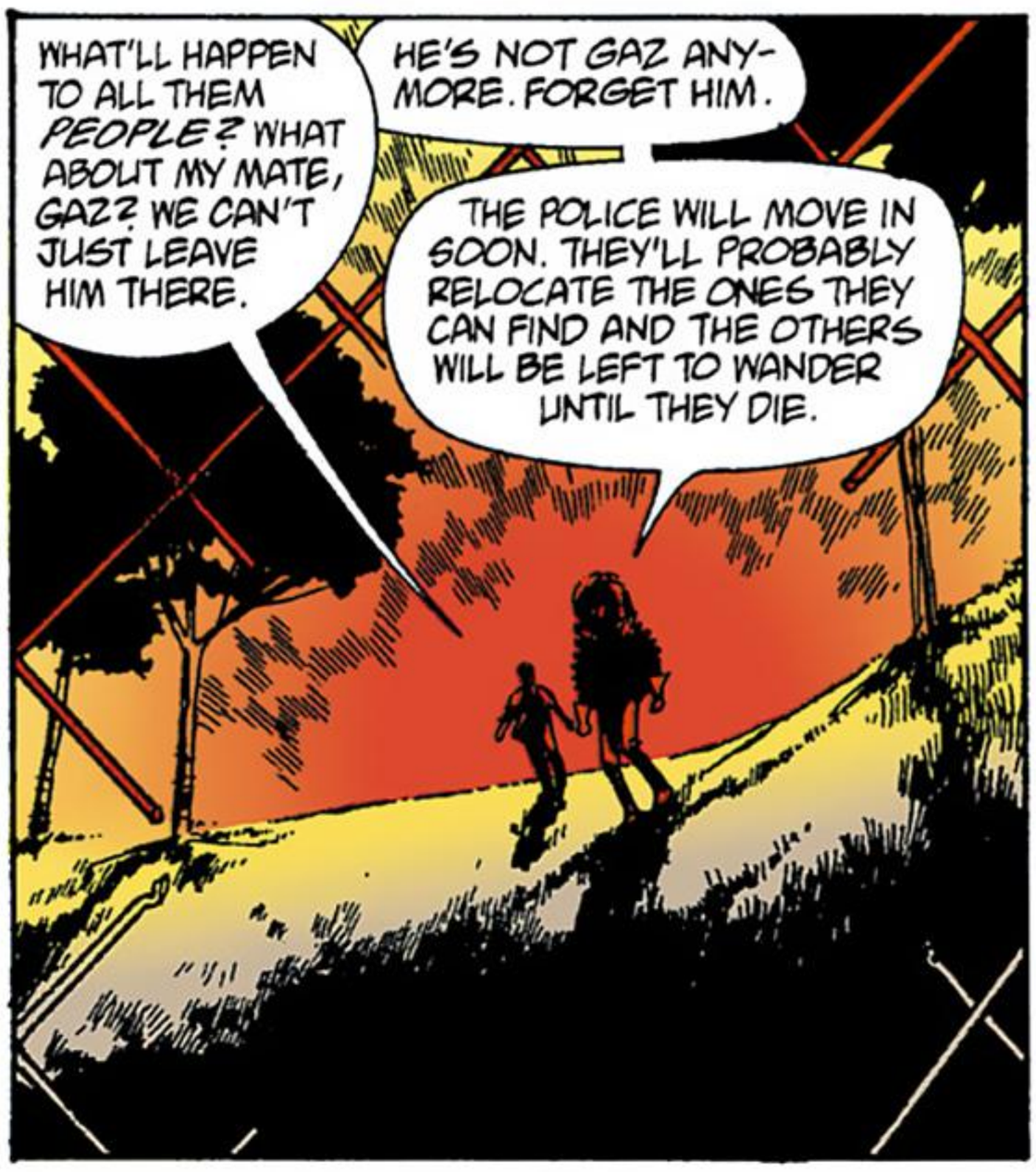
SO YOU JUST GO AROUND KILLING PEOPLE AND BLOWING THINGS UP.
THAT'S BRILLIANT AND ALL BUT...I MEAN, WHO ARE YOU?

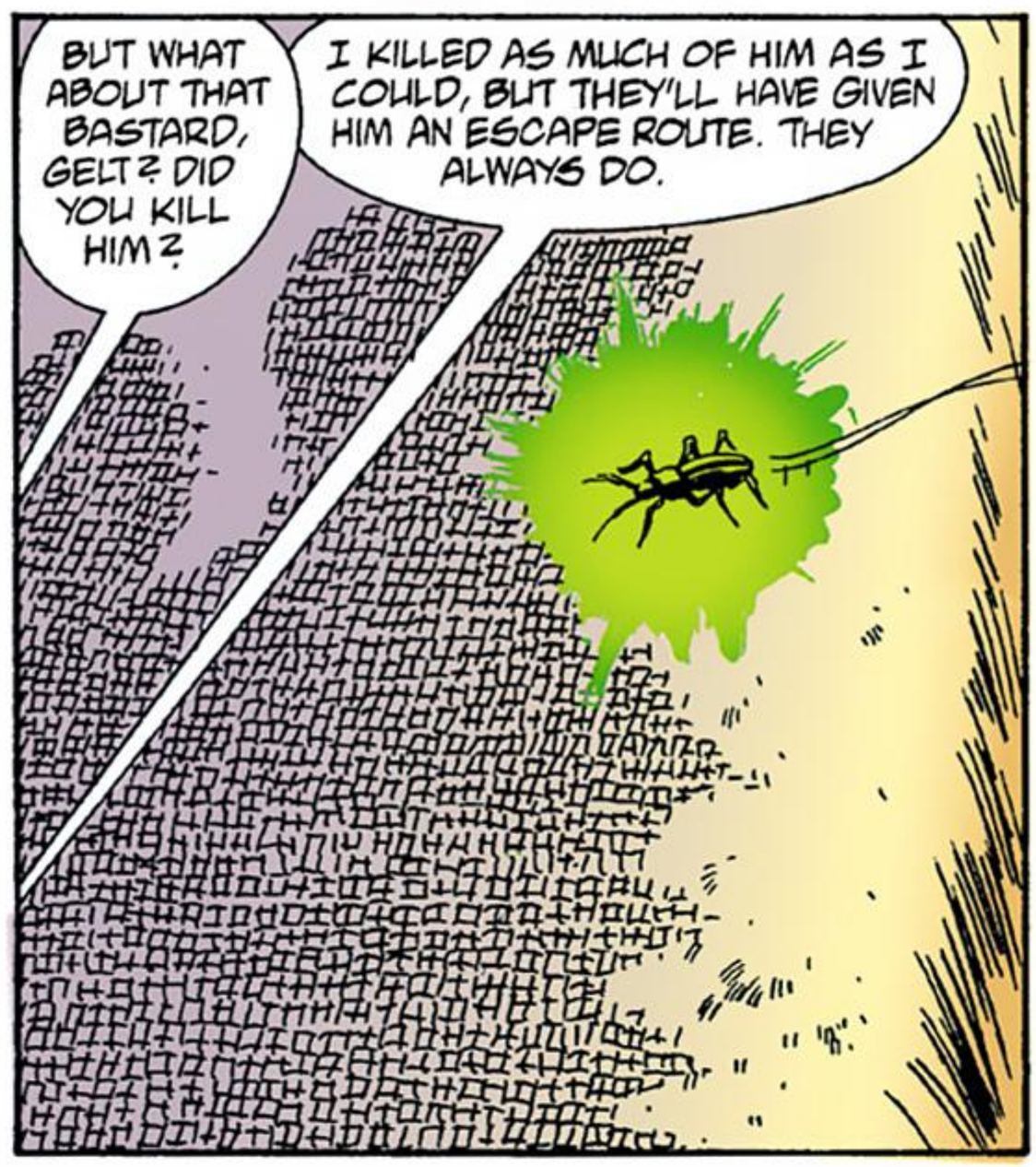

YOU COULD SAY WE'RE... WELL, WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A SECRET SOCIETY--THE INVISIBLES.
WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU, DANE. WE WANT YOU TO JOIN US.
WHY SHOULD I?
YOU WON'T EVEN TELL ME YOUR NAME.


YOU KNOW MY NAME.

LET'S GO.

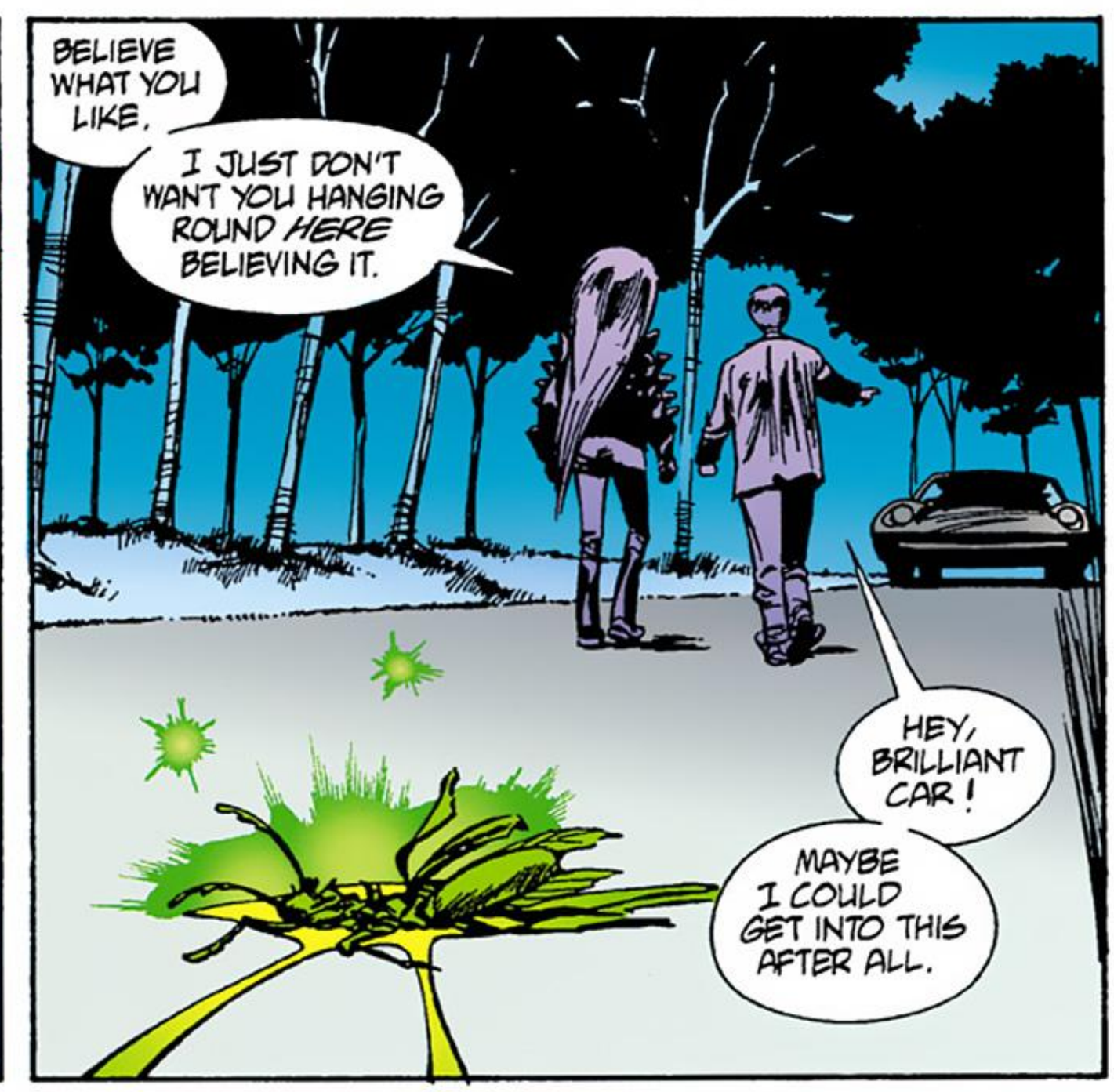
HARMONY
CORRECTIONAL FACILITY
KANGMOB


WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ALL THEM *PEOPLE*? WHAT ABOUT MY MATE, GAZ? WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM THERE.
HE'S NOT GAZ ANYMORE. FORGET HIM.
THE POLICE WILL MOVE IN SOON. THEY'LL PROBABLY RELOCATE THE ONES THEY CAN FIND AND THE OTHERS WILL BE LEFT TO WANDER UNTIL THEY DIE.

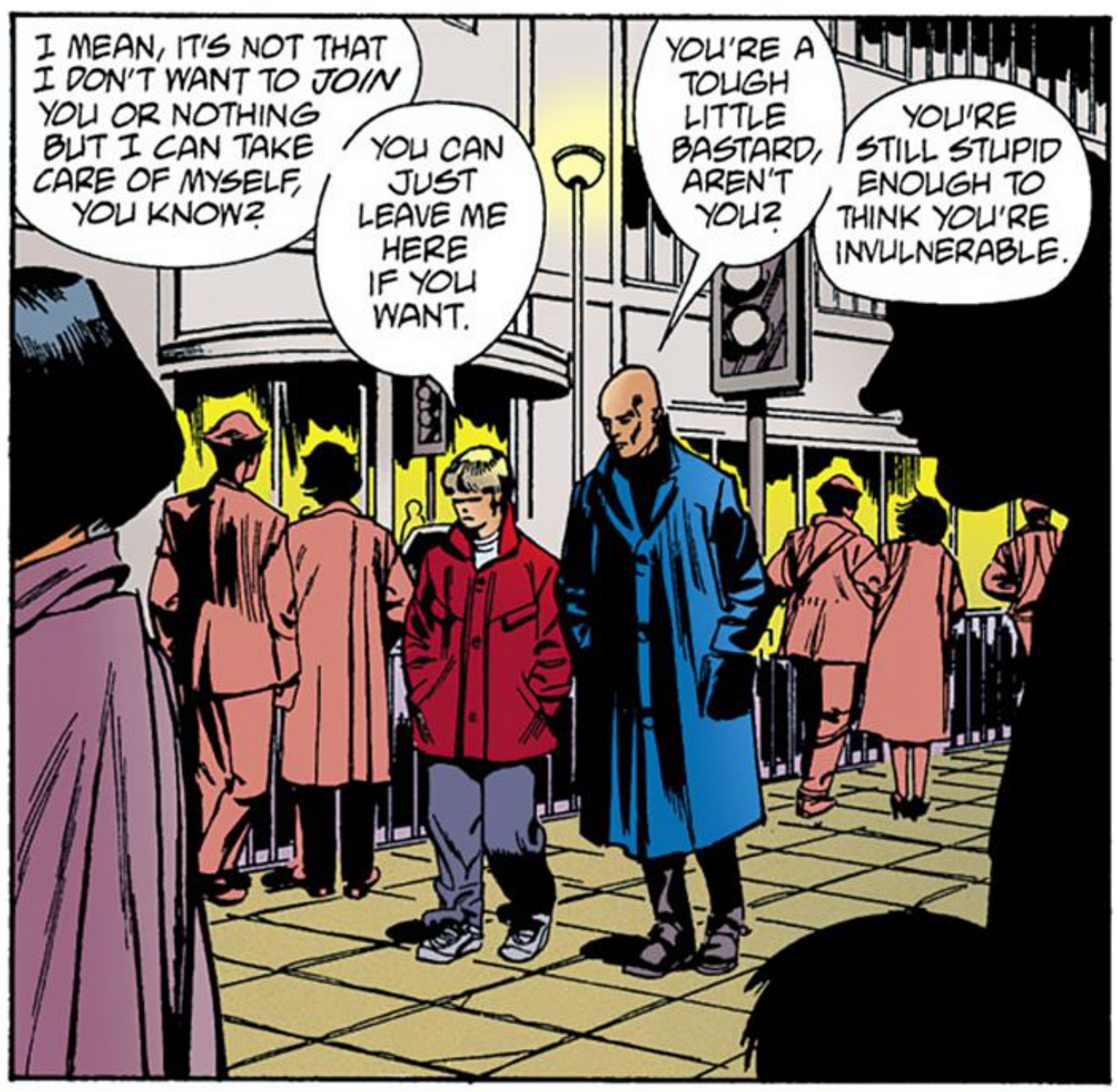

BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT BASTARD, GELT? DID YOU KILL HIM?
I KILLED AS MUCH OF HIM AS I COULD, BUT THEY'LL HAVE GIVEN HIM AN ESCAPE ROUTE. THEY ALWAYS DO.

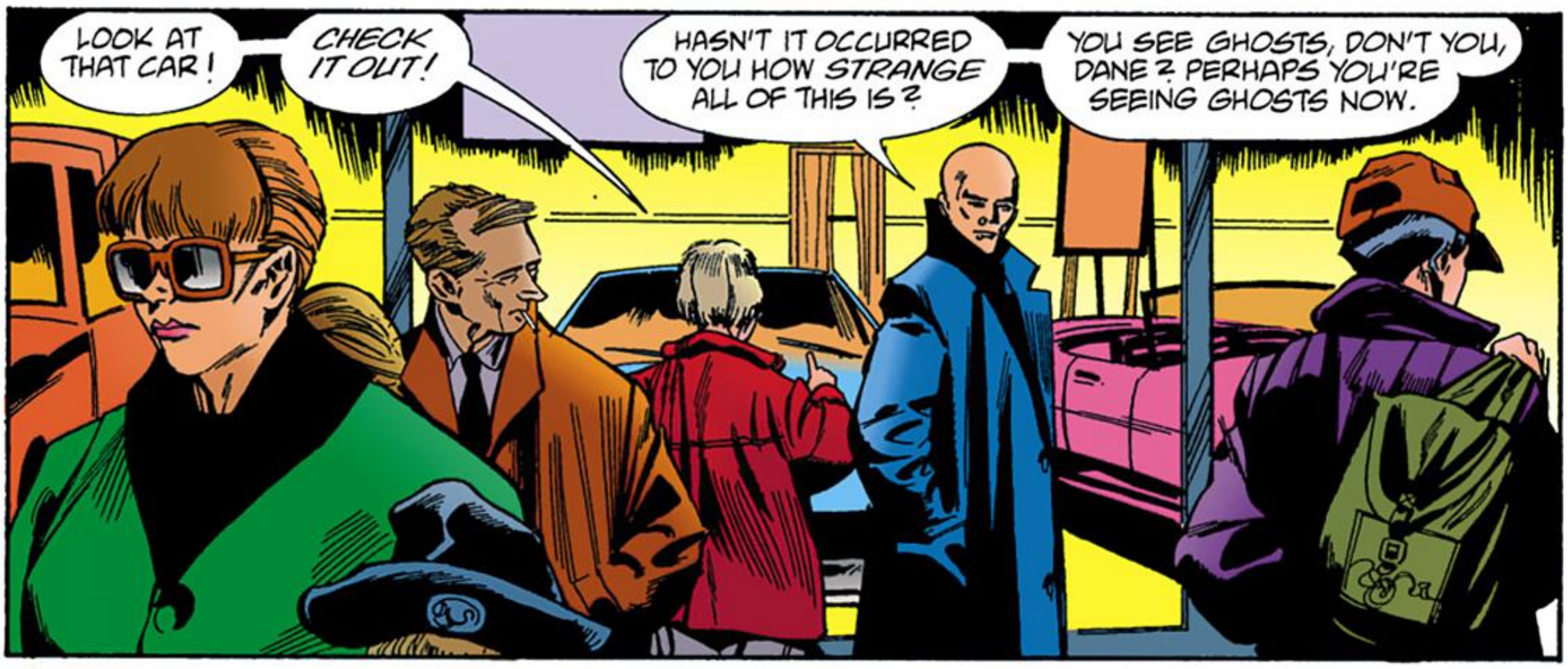
I EXPECT THEY'VE RELOCATED HIS CONSCIOUSNESS IN A TEMPORARY BODY. AN ANIMAL, PROBABLY, OR AN INSECT.
HE'LL HIDE OUT THERE UNTIL A SUITABLE BODY CAN BE FOUND FOR RECORPORATION.

THIS IS MENTAL.
I DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF THIS SHIT.


BELIEVE WHAT YOU LIKE.
I JUST DON'T WANT YOU HANGING ROUND *HERE* BELIEVING IT.
HEY, BRILLIANT CAR!
MAYBE I COULD GET INTO THIS AFTER ALL.

...WELL, IT WAS REALLY GOOD OF YOU TO GET ME OUT AND EVERYTHING BUT MAYBE IT'S TIME I HEADED OFF ON MY OWN.
MY AUNTIE DIANE'S HERE IN LONDON...


I MEAN, IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T WANT TO JOIN YOU OR NOTHING BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, YOU KNOW?
YOU CAN JUST LEAVE ME HERE IF YOU WANT.
YOU'RE A TOUGH LITTLE BASTARD, AREN'T YOU?
YOU'RE STILL STUPID ENOUGH TO THINK YOU'RE INVULNERABLE.


LOOK AT THAT CAR!
CHECK IT OUT!
HASN'T IT OCCURRED TO YOU HOW STRANGE ALL OF THIS IS?
YOU SEE GHOSTS, DON'T YOU, DANE? PERHAPS YOU'RE SEEING GHOSTS NOW.

GHOSTS. YEAH, THAT'S A GOOD ONE.
WHY DO THEY CALL YOU "THE INVISIBLES" ANYWAY?

IT'S A FUNNY SORT OF NAME, ISN'T IT?

...IN-
...VISIBLES...
FUCK.
NEXT: DOWN AND OUT IN HEAVEN AND HELL

FROM THE WRITER OF
DOOM PATROL *AND* ANIMAL MAN

GRANT MORRISON

with STEVE YEOWELL & JILL THOMPSON

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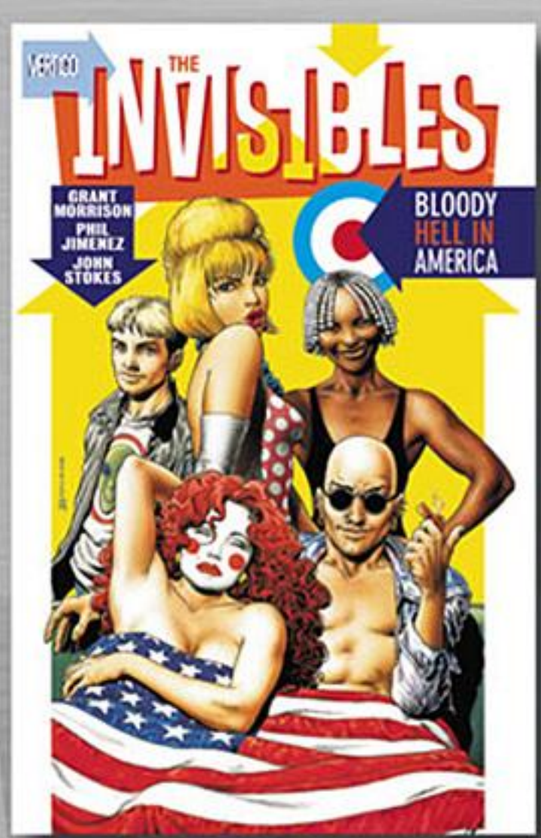

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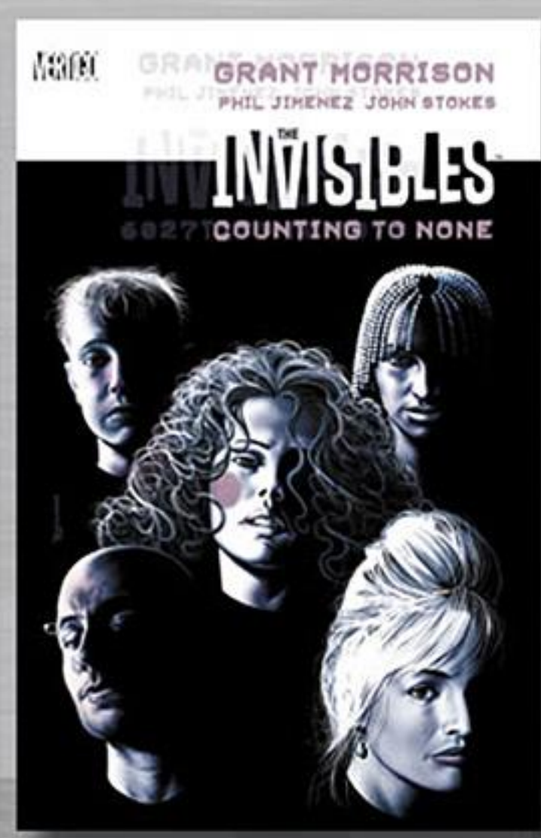

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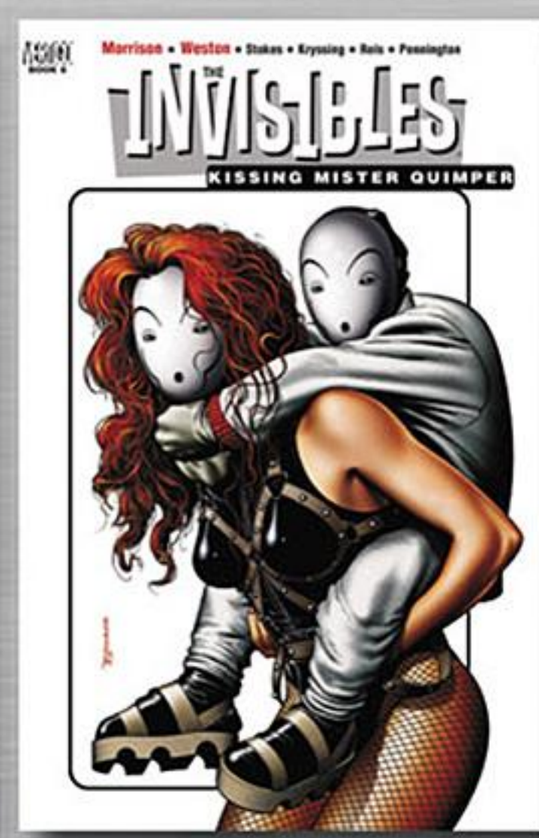

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